

WATCH THE INTERESTING CHANCES on Pages 15 and 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 18.

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as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1908.

One Penny.

TUESDAY, December I.

Mr. Anthony Hope's next novel will commence
in the "Daily Mirror."

A very novel and remarkable story entitled
"DOUBLE HARNESS."

BRINGS BEAUTY TO EVERY FACE.

Dr. Mackenzie's
Complexion Soap

Preserves a fine complexion, and restores a poor one, making it soft and smooth, and removing all blemishes. Tell your Chemist you must have "Mackenzie's." A box containing three 1/- tablets, delicately perfumed, sent post free for Postal Order 2/6. Write to-day.

S. HARVEY & Co., 2 and 4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Gusty N.W. winds; cloudy and unsettled; rain at times; becoming colder.

Lightning-up time for all vehicles, 4.57.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all rather rough.

To-Day's News at a Glance.



Circular.

Windsor Castle, Nov. 20.

Their Majesties the King and the King of Italy, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, shot over the coverts in Windsor Forest to-day.

Their Majesties the Queen and the Queen of Italy, with the Royal Family, joined the King and the King of Italy at luncheon in the Fishing Temple, Virginia Water.

Yesterday her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the King, went to Frogmore to show his Majesty the memorial representing a large figure of "The Saviour," after Thorvaldsen, which she has erected near the Mausoleum, as her tribute to the beloved memory of the late Queen Victoria.

The Queen has also taken the Queen of Italy to the Mausoleum at Frogmore, the Memorial Chapel, to see the tomb of her dearly-loved son, the late Duke of Clarence, and to St. George's Chapel.

Political.

Mr. Chamberlain addressed an enthusiastic audience of about 5,000 people at Cardiff last night at a meeting organised by the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Associations.—See page 4.

A Cabinet Council was held yesterday at the Foreign Office.

As the result of a conference between Signor Tittoni, Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Lord Lansdowne, there is said to be perfect accord between England and Italy.

Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, M.P., addressing the Bucks Chamber of Agriculture at High Wycombe yesterday, declared his intention of supporting Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy.

Home.

Edward-square, Kensington, and the houses north and south of it, were yesterday sold by private treaty. The public sales of Lord Kensington's estate on two days realised £214,200.

Cab proprietors of London, controlling between 6,000 and 7,000 vehicles, have bound themselves together not to concede any reduction of price to the cab-drivers.

At Portsmouth yesterday the crew of the destroyer Shark was handed over to the destroyer Fervent, owing to the damage sustained by the former vessel's engines while escorting the King and Queen of Italy.

At the opening of a church bazaar at South Acton by Lady George Hamilton yesterday the vicar said that, whatever changes might take place in the representation of the constituency, Lord and Lady George Hamilton would always be held in the highest respect.

Messrs. Neale and Wilkinson, the shipping agents, announce that no more Christmas parcels for soldiers in South Africa can be carried free this year.

To further the objects of the League of Mercy for the support of hospitals, the Countess Verulam held a meeting at Gorhambury, St. Albans, yesterday.

The American Thanksgiving Day banquet at the Hotel Cecil on Thursday next will be the largest on record; 450 guests will be present, including Mr. W. J. Bryan, ex-Democratic candidate for the United States Presidency, who will speak.

At the Royal Commission on London Street Traffic yesterday the Police Superintendent of the C Division referred to the great number of theatres in close proximity to one another, and suggested that no theatre should be allowed to be erected on a site unless its owners provided facilities for the accommodation of its traffic.

In order to elope with a Frenchwoman, aged twenty-four, a City clerk, aged sixteen, is alleged to have stolen £500 from his employer, and in order to get to France offered £50 for a special train to Dover.

Christmas pantomimes will be produced at four London theatres and at twenty-seven suburban houses at Christmas.—See page 6.

While travelling from Yorkshire to Holyhead an Irish passenger leaned out of the carriage window and received fatal injuries through his head coming in contact with the masonry of a tunnel.

Some of yesterday's cricket telegrams from New South Wales came through to London in twenty minutes.

The Daily Mirror.

325th Day of Year.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1903.

40 days to Dec. 31.

EVE OF DEPARTURE.

The Two Queens Take a Long Drive.

KING VICTOR'S COINS.

Another Day's Shooting Last Night's Banquet.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Yesterday was a comparatively quiet day at Windsor. There was a shooting party, after which King Victor received various deputations, and, finally, there was a banquet, followed by a concert.

A typical English November morning greeted the royal visitors as they looked out of their windows across the great lawns touched with the rime of an early frost. King Victor and Queen Elena were astir betimes, in spite of the exertions and the late hours of the preceding day. Neither of their Majesties seemed any the worse for Thursday's outing; indeed King Edward and Queen Alexandra, visiting their guests, complimented them on the fresh and matutinal quality of their appearance.

Then King Victor, King Edward, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught set out for a final "shoot." The King of Italy and the Prince of Wales especially distinguished themselves, bringing down many fine birds and vieing with one another in feats of marksmanship.

At half-past twelve Queen Alexandra, Queen Elena, and the Duchess of Connaught in one carriage; Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the young Princesses of Connaught in another, drove out to join the shooting party.

The rendezvous was a quaint spot, crowned by a curiously decorated summer pavilion, known as the Fishing Temple.

A Kingly Attention.

Meanwhile the two Kings had worked their way to the residence of Captain Welch, R.N., who, many years ago, had commanded the royal yacht which brought King Victor's grandfather over to England. The old sailor was delighted at this mark of attention. Still hale and hearty, he received his august visitors, and took, perhaps, more than a fair share of the lengthy conversation that ensued. King Victor was charmed with this old gentleman who had known the Re Galantuomo.

It was time to join the ladies at the Fishing Temple; so the two Kings took their leave; and soon the whole party was assembled at table in the mysterious pavilion perched on a slight eminence rising from the autumnal forest.

Queen Alexandra and Queen Elena followed the "guns" for a little distance when shooting was resumed; then getting into their carriage drove for an hour or two in the Great Park, past Virginia Water, and homeward through the town of Windsor, reaching the royal borough too late to take part in the bazaar that is being held at the White Hart Hotel.

King Victor and His Coins.

At five o'clock King Victor was on duty again receiving deputations, whose addresses always provoked one of those soldierly and pointed little speeches that are fast giving his Majesty a reputation for saying more in one minute than most people say in ten. When Sir John Aird, the great contractor, mentioned that he had employed over 2,000 Italian workmen on the Nile dam, and that they worked very well, King Victor replied "Italians always work well."

To the Members of the Royal Numismatic Society, King Victor, himself an ardent collector of coins, was more communicative. Enlarging on his favourite pursuit, he mentioned that at present he had 50,000 medallions of various countries, and hoped soon to obtain another 20,000.

LAST NIGHT'S BANQUET.

The deputations had gone, leaving King Victor and Queen Elena an hour or two to spare before the banquet.

There were eighty-six at table when the company sat down to dine in the St. George's Hall. It was not a "state" banquet, as on Wednesday; the pomp and ornament of that gorgeous ceremonial were absent. It is officially described as their Majesties the King

	1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun.	22	29	6
Mon.	23	30	7
Tues.	24	1	8
Wed.	25	2	9
Thurs.	26	3	10
Fri.	27	4	11
Sat.	28	5	12

and Queen and the King and Queen of Italy's dinner party. It was very splendid, and the Windsor uniforms of the men were hardly less decorative than the full dress of the earlier function.

The royal party consisted of the King, the Queen, their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife, her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, her Royal Highness Princess Charles of Denmark, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and the Duke of Argyll, her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, her Royal Highness Princess Margaret of Connaught, her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, her Royal Highness Princess Alice of Albany, her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, their Serene Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and his Highness Prince Alexander of Teck.

LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT.

After dinner the guests were entertained by the singing of Miss Muller Foster and Mr. Ben Davies; and Mr. L. Bowring had the honour of playing before their Majesties. Sir Walter Parratt, assisted by Signor Tosti, conducted the concert.

TO-DAY'S DEPARTURE.

The royal train will leave Windsor at 9.30 this morning instead of at 9.45 as previously arranged. The King and Queen of Italy, with a captain's escort of the 1st Life Guards, will leave the Castle at 9.15.

ENGLAND AND ITALY.

A long conference took place at Windsor Castle last night between Signor Tittoni, Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, at which the Italian Ambassador in London was also present.

Shortly afterwards Signor Tittoni, at the request of King Edward, had a special audience of his Majesty.

On every question of foreign policy (Reuter's Agency understands) a perfect accord has been reached between the two Governments.

LONG DEFERRED HONEYMOON

Convict Married, with His Warden as Wedding Guests.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Friday.

At Wegenstetten, in the Swiss canton of Aargau, Hans Stuenzi was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for burglary and assault. He was to have been married the next morning.

On hearing his sentence the wretched man broke down and begged the judge to give him one day's liberty so that the marriage could take place. The weeping bride added her own entreaties to the convict's.

Touched by the poor girl's tears and supplications, the judge at last consented to approach the governor of the prison in which Hans Stuenzi was to be confined.

The governor, an old soldier, bluff, severe, yet with a soft place in his heart for a woman's tears, gave a conditional assent:—Stuenzi would be released next day, and the wedding could go forward. The convict would be free till dawn.

Clad in his best, Stuenzi was met by his joyful bride at the prison gate next morning. Two warders went with them. The girl was in the national dress—snowy white linen, a velvet corslet, an accordion-pleated skirt, and silver chains and ornaments that had been in her family for generations.

At the prefecture their friends and relatives were waiting for them. The civil marriage ceremony occupied but a few moments. Then the whole party, the warders merry as the rest, proceeded to the house that the bride's parents had furnished, and attacked the marriage feast.

There was dancing to follow, and afterwards the bridegroom played the zither while the bride sang Koschat's "Verlassen," a plaintive and appropriate piece that moved all hearts.

At sundown the newly married couple were left to themselves. The warders stood on guard outside the house all night. At dawn they roused the sleeping man, bade him take leave of his young wife, and, before the little village was awake, Hans Stuenzi was rattling down the empty road on his way to the Lenzburg penal settlement.

GREETING OF THE WEST.

Mr. Chamberlain's Speech and Reception at Cardiff.

HIS TRAIN DELAYED BY A LANDSLIP

Mr. Chamberlain paid his long promised visit to Cardiff last night, and delivered a striking speech at a great meeting in the local drill hall.

His journey to the West was interrupted by an accident, a landslip on the line a little past Chipping Sodbury. This delayed the train for twenty minutes. Mrs. Chamberlain was a little concerned, and leaned eagerly out of the window, but Mr. Chamberlain went on calmly reading his notes. He looked out, however, as the train steamed slowly past the scene of the slip. A hundred men who were busy on the repairs waved him a cordial salute as he passed.

Mr. Chamberlain's trip was something like a royal progress. At Paddington there was a considerable crowd, and loud cheers greeted the departure of the train. At Newport there was a warm ovation from hundreds of people who had gained admission to the platform, and Mr. Chamberlain went through a great deal of handshaking from his most distinguished admirers in the Monmouth town. At Cardiff there was something to vary the cheers. The daughter of Sir John Gunn, chairman of the Liberal Unionist Association, gave Mrs. Chamberlain, as she stepped from the carriage, a bouquet of orchids, in the name of political sympathisers of Cardiff.

In the streets people seemed wild with enthusiasm. The vast multitude cheered itself hoarse as Mr. Chamberlain's carriage went by on its way to the residence of Sir John Gunn. Equally cordial was Mr. Chamberlain's reception at the meeting, where about 4,000 people—only one-tenth of the number who had applied for seats—were gathered to hear him. Two thousand of the front seats had been engaged, at prices ranging from 5s. to £1 1s.—much larger than those which a provincial theatre manager could hope to gain by his most "special attraction." On the platform were the Duke of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Windsor, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. W. Jennings Bryan (the "Free Silver" candidate for the American Presidency), and a host of local celebrities. Mr. Bryan was recognised and had a hearty greeting, while Mr. Chamberlain himself was received with vast enthusiasm.

Points of the Speech.

The principal points of a most interesting and incisive address were as follows:—

He was assured of the support of working men in the great contest. No class in the community was so deeply interested as they were.

He had been called "The Brummagem Bagman," but Cobden had been called the "Manchester Money Grabber," and the epithet did not offend him at all.

He hoped to visit the agricultural districts before the campaign was ended. No industry had suffered from unrestricted free imports so much as agriculture.

If he could persuade the towns, he did not think the country would want much persuading.

Tariff reformers were not as such party men; they were determined this question should not be dragged into the vortex of merely partisan controversy.

He knew the feelings of our kinsmen beyond the seas, that the Empire could not be permanently kept together without strengthening the bonds.

The policy of unrestricted free imports was doomed.

The people of this country were tired of lying down to be trampled on and being bullied when they tried to rise.

After the Prime Minister's last speech it was impossible for an honest man to say he did not know what the Government policy was.

Were the Free-Fooders going to follow the lead of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in supporting the Government?

The Duke of Devonshire had said his was not opposed to the Government, but hoped to be a "drag on the wheel." That was a curious ambition.

Pitt was known in history as "the pilot who weathered the storm"; but he (Mr. Chamberlain) should not care to go down to posterity as the "drag on the wheel."

Lord Goschen had also some desire for posthumous fame as a "drag," but he had made progress.

Mr. Chamberlain actually had hope even of those twin brothers of politics—Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill—who had induced their Radical supporters at the recent meeting to pass a resolution supporting ratification under special circumstances.

Lastly, Mr. Gibson Bowles had promised his loyal support, though that might perhaps be termed an "invisible export."

All this was very different from the serious orthodoxy of a few weeks ago.

Men who went abroad through lack of work were a lost asset—a loss greater than money.

Lord Rosebery said all they wanted was commercial repose, but what was really wanted was commercial activity—not his lordship's "world-famed soporific pill."

MURDER BY ASSEGAI.

Sentence of Death on the Author of a Crafty Crime.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Capetown, Friday.

The "assegai" murder trial in Cape Colony came to an end to-day. A man named Du Plessis was sentenced to death for killing his wife at Middleburg under very remarkable circumstances.

So wicked was the crime committed that at one time detection seemed hopeless, and the most skilled officers of the Cape were engaged for months in weaving the web in which Du Plessis was finally entangled.

On the night of May 29 Mrs. Du Plessis was found murdered. The family lived in a house in the main street of Middleburg, where instant detection of a deed of violence might be thought inevitable. But the night was well chosen. There was no moon, and it was pitch dark.

The only occupants of the house were Mrs. Du Plessis and her daughter. About eight o'clock the mother left the sitting room and went to the pantry. The next moment the daughter, horrified, heard a heavy thud. She ran out and found her mother lying on the pantry floor in the death agony. She had not even had time to scream. A kind of "assegai" piercing the throat told how the unhappy woman had been slain. On examination the "assegai" was found to consist of a carving knife firmly lashed to the end of a long stick.

There was no sign of the murderer. A messenger was sent in haste for Du Plessis, and he was found at work in his shop a quarter of a mile away. His demeanour at first was so calm and impulsive, his horror afterwards so well assumed, that it seemed impossible to suppose him to have any part in, or fore-knowledge, of the crime.

Detectives, however, found out many things which, trifles singly, collectively formed a terrible indictment against this seeming innocent man, and he was, after three months, arrested in his shop.

Then it came out that Du Plessis had six months before purchased a set of carving-knives at a sale. The knife on the "assegai" was exactly similar to the others.

He had insured his wife's life. His shop was in darkness at the time the murder was committed. He had had some wire-netting in front of the pantry window removed, to make easy the long-planned blow. These were a few of innumerable small facts brought to light mainly by coloured detectives. It is a tribute to Du Plessis's craft that, in spite of all the testimony, the jury were locked up twenty-four hours before they gave their verdict.

HONOURED BY REDSKINS.

Notable American Woman to be buried with Indian Ritual.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Friday.

The death is just announced at New York of Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, one of the most remarkable American women. She was known to all Indian tribes in America as a great white mother, and as "She who Watches over us." Mrs. Converse devoted her life and fortune to the Indians, and was elected many years ago chief of the Indian tribe known as Senecas.

She was the only white woman ever so honoured by any tribe of so-called Six Nations. She was regarded with superstitious adoration, as she was the seventh child of her parents. Mrs. Converse will be buried, according to her own request, with Indian burial ritual.

Many Indians will attend the funeral. Mrs. Converse was sixty-eight years old. Her father was a prominent New Yorker, was a great friend of Indians, and was honorary chief of one of the most powerful Indian tribes.

INTERESTING WILLS.

An interesting will in to-day's list is that of Col. the Hon. Sir William James Colville, K.C.V.O., C.B., Master of the Ceremonies to Queen Victoria and to the King. He left estate valued at £7,847 gross. Sir William bequeathed to his son, Arthur Edward, a silver cup presented to him at Moscow by the Duke of Edinburgh (to whom Sir William was formerly equerry).

Large bequests to charity have been made by Mr. William Little Burr, of Barnes, who died on September 8. £2,000 goesto the Church Missionary Society; £1,050 to the Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews; £1,050 to the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £1,000 to the London City Mission; and £1,000 to Mrs. Jane Cart's Charity at Dunstable, but these bequests are not to be paid until the death of the testator's wife.

ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN GREAT FORM.

The M.C.C. team under Mr. Warner's captainship were in great form at Sydney yesterday in their match against New South Wales, and hopes are greatly strengthened of winning the "rubber" in the test matches, which has now been delayed by any English team.

The first test match is fixed for December 11.

Mr. Warner won the toss yesterday, but as the wicket proved to be tricky he put the Colonials in to bat first.

Rhodes and Arnold bowled so well that the "Walers" were all dismissed in two hours and a half for the small score of 108. Rhodes took six wickets for fifty-six, and Arnold four.

The Englishmen also showed their great superiority with the bat, and at the close of play had scored 173 for three wickets.

CONSUMPTION CURES.

Remarkable Reports from Russia

—French Experiments.

The "Journal" (Paris) announces that experiments with the alleged new cure for tuberculosis, discovered by Dr. Marmorek, will shortly be begun in the hospitals of Paris.

Meanwhile there comes through Reuter's correspondent at New York a story of remarkable cures said to have been effected in Russia.

Thirty years ago M. Kisel Zagoranski, an engineer, was sent to Siberia to superintend extensive mining works. Medical facilities were extremely limited, and M. Zagoranski practised himself among the workmen to the best of his ability, but the old foreman of the mine always took tuberculosis cases and almost invariably cured them.

The foreman, who died some years ago, confided his tuberculosis specific to M. Zagoranski, who continued to use it at intervals. Having heard a rumour that Mr. Rockefeller had offered an immense prize for the discovery of a consumption cure he consulted Mr. Samuel Smith, United States Consul at Moscow, a personal friend of his, who, with his brother, Mr. W. E. Smith, began a systematic observation of several patients.

Among these was an English lady who had been given up by the doctors and was about to return to England to die. She submitted to M. Zagoranski's treatment and at the end of a week the improvement was marked. After six weeks the patient had gained twenty-two pounds in weight, not a trace of bacilli was observable, and although she was not able to walk across a room when the case began, she had regained her normal strength and activity. This occurred last spring, and the cure seems permanent.

Other equally remarkable cases are cited. M. Zagoranski, who is now in St. Petersburg, is specially licensed by the Russian Medical Department to practice on tuberculosis cases.

THE STANLEY AND NATIONAL SHOWS.

Competition is keen where motor-cars and cycles are concerned. The Stanley Show and the National Show at the Agricultural Hall and the Crystal Palace respectively, threw open their gates simultaneously yesterday in the race for popularity. There were quite sufficient people, however, to go round.

Messrs. Singer's two-speed motor-cycle, and the Eddington tandem motorette, with its 4-h.p. water-cooled motor, two-speed gear, and free engine, attracted many at the Palace. The Quadrant Co.'s exhibits, too, were much admired by ladies. A large public service omnibus, built by the Darkopp Co., figured prominently in the motor-car section. It had room for sixteen persons, and could travel twenty-five miles an hour, and was altogether a comfortable looking vehicle. The covered vehicles of the Darracq Co. also found favour with ladies.

At the Agricultural Hall the Stanley Show contains more exhibits than ever before, with the exception of the "boom" year in bicycles. Novelty must be sought among the motor-cycles, the Hunter Co. being well to the fore with these. A patent variable speed gear, which makes the climbing of hills without pedalling a possibility, is shown by the Phenix Motors, Ltd., who also claim that their spray carburettor is dust-proof. The Enfield Cycle Co., and the Motor-Car Co. show new types of motor-cars.

GLOUCESTER ABDUCTION CASE.

At the trial of a butcher named Peglar—a married man with three children—now proceeding at Gloucester Assizes, an extraordinary letter written by the prisoner was read.

He is charged with abducting a girl, aged fifteen, who was in his house as a servant.

He took her off to Sheffield, and then wrote the letter to the girl's parents. In it he said:—

"Our going away the other week has so blighted poor Ethel's life that now, without her, she's fully convinced in the matter, and I ought to do the thing right now to Ethel and to you and my wife. I have the offer of a good situation, with every prospect of promotion, in Sheffield."

He also wrote to the effect that he had thought, weighed it up, and talked it over with his wife, and had come to no other right conclusion. "To be parted from Ethel is a lingering death. We should be away from everybody (at Sheffield) with a clean start, and were you and any of you to come and stay I should only be too pleased to have you."

He was remanded.

LADY VIOLET BEAUCHAMP'S APPEAL.

An echo of a *cause célèbre* of last year was heard in the Court of Appeal yesterday, when Lady Violet Beauchamp appealed from a receiving order in bankruptcy made against her.

Lady Violet was formerly the wife of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, who has since obtained a divorce. Mrs. Watt, wife of Mr. Watt, M.P., brought an action for libel against Lady Violet, for statements contained in a letter to Mr. Watt, and obtained a verdict for £5,000, the damages being afterwards reduced by consent to £1,500.

Lady Violet not paying the damages a bankruptcy petition was lodged against her, and on it the receiving order against which she now appeals was made.

The case was adjourned.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

KING ALFONSO'S TEACHER SHOT AT.

A man, who is at present unknown, fired three revolver shots in the streets of Madrid yesterday afternoon at Señor Brieva, King Alfonso's instructor in history. Señor Brieva was slightly wounded. Reuter says it is believed that the attempt was the outcome of a private quarrel.

EX-QUEEN DECLINES A GOLD MINE.

According to reports published in the Servian papers, ex-Queen Natalie has informed her legal representatives in Belgrade that, as sole heir to the estates of the murdered King Alexander, she will not accept anything which was given to him as a gift by the population or Government after his marriage to Queen Draga. Among the various gifts which he received is a gold mine named Majdan Peč, which was unanimously presented to the King by the Skupstina. Its value is said to be £80,000.

THE WORTH OF A WIFE.

Madame Manuel, the Paris actress, recently married, and her husband declines to allow her to appear on the stage. She, therefore, declined to fulfil her contract to play in a "Révue." The manager sued her for damages, and Madame was yesterday ordered to pay him £60. "His wife has cost him an extra £60," said the gallant judge; "she is worth more than such a trifle."

ATLANTIC CROSSED IN A BOAT.

A notable Atlantic achievement has to be reported. The little sailing boat, 19ft. long by 6ft. beam, in which Captain Eisenbraun set sail from Boston last August in the hope of crossing the Atlantic and reaching Madeira, arrived safely at Gibraltar yesterday afternoon at 1.30.

His little vessel, Columbia II, was navigated solely by himself. Notwithstanding that he encountered severe weather and many perils he has performed the great voyage in one hundred days. The run from Madeira took nineteen days.

SOCIALISTS EJECT POLICE.

The German socialists who, by the manipulation of the electors, have been prevented from returning a single representative to the Prussian Diet, created an unprecedentedly stormy scene in Berlin yesterday.

Before the commencement of polling in two districts the socialists occupied all the stations, so that the electors could hardly enter. Police were summoned, and on their arrival terrible uproar ensued, the socialists yelling "No police here; out with them." The police, who had no right whatever to enter the polling halls, says Reuter, were obliged to withdraw. Similar disturbances occurred in other places.

AIRSHIP UP A TREE.

The Jaune, M. Lebady's airship, has come to an untimely end. This was the vessel in which the remarkable trip from Moisson to Paris was accomplished last week. Yesterday, after a few preliminary evolutions, it was headed towards the military ballooning ground at Meudon. The ship descended exactly where it was intended, but an accident happened just as it was touching the ground. A puff of wind drove the huge balloon into a tree, where it hung for a moment. Then there was a ripping sound, a loud explosion, and a fearful smell of gas, which half-suffocated the aeronauts. The balloon was greatly damaged.

THE AIX-LES-BAINS MURDER UNRAVELLED.

The magisterial inquiry into the murder of Eugénie Fougère and her maid at Aix-les-Bains has been held and the magistrates have now succeeded in practically reconstituting the crime. This is what happened:

The organiser was Henri Bassot, He, in collusion with Madame Giriat, fixed time and place, and sent Caesar Ladermann and another man, named Charlot, down to Aix-les-Bains. Ladermann and Charlot quarrelled during the commission of the crime, and Ladermann, although he took the jewels, had no hand in the murder of the woman. This was effected by Giriat and Charlot, while Ladermann appears to have waited outside with the booty.

It was reported yesterday that the French police have, with the help of Scotland Yard, laid hands on Charlot, who is now in London, but that they are waiting to announce his arrest until they have found all the jewels.

SOUTH AFRICANS ON 'CHANGE.

Stock markets yesterday certainly did not enjoy much business, so far, at least, as the public were concerned. The South African finance houses were spending money in buying shares, for it would never have done to have the market falling on the publication of a report of the London Stock Exchange, which was full of dissident voices.

This is a recommendation in favour of Chile being employed, which is the mining house taking into account its financial position. Chilean mining prices did not show much improvement Thursday's figures.

Consolidated is a little lower, but their decline had very little effect on the rest of the market.

There was again an attempt made to put Americans up, and met with a fair measure of success, in view of news from Amsterdam that two small banking institutions had failed. The market was being affected by the American crisis. This makes the third failure within a week.

Among other features the most interesting was, perhaps, the revival in water stocks. It is thought that the market is showing a satisfactory improvement.

THE ARTLESS MARQUIS.

Lord Downshire in the Witness Box.

His Naive Ideas of Business.

Lord Downshire's erect and well-groomed figure was seen in the Old Bailey witness-box yesterday. The circumstances which brought the young marquis into the dismal and depressing building which still forms our chief criminal court were somewhat peculiar.

Lord Downshire is prosecuting a Mr. Arthur Edward Saunders Sebright for fraudulently "causing and inducing" him—the Marquis—to accept two bills of exchange for £5,750 each. The acquaintance between Lord Downshire and Mr. Sebright was formed last January. The Marquis, according to his counsel's story, was dining with a lady at a Piccadilly restaurant, and Mr. Sebright was dining there, too. The two men chatted about horses and general matters, and were on friendly terms when they parted.

Signed Without Understanding.

When they met at the same restaurant a week later Mr. Sebright introduced a business element into the conversation. He told the Marquis he was bringing out a company to be called the Crédit Foncier, and that he was either owner of, or entitled to, a large number of preference shares. Some of these, he said, had been sold in the name of Lord Downshire; and the Marquis had thus won £1,000.

A further meeting followed at the Hotel Albemarle. There, according to Lord Downshire, Mr. Sebright told him it was necessary that he should sign two documents before he could receive the £1,000. He signed the two papers—the bills of exchange for £5,750 each—on which Mr. Sebright is now charged.

Next day the Marquis received an acknowledgment from Mr. Sebright for "two acceptances of £5,750 in purchase of 12,650 preferred shares" in the Crédit Foncier. The Marquis declares he never intended to buy the shares.

One of the bills was negotiated, which Lord Downshire met. Afterwards—the affair coming to the knowledge of Lord Downshire's solicitors—an order was made by the High Court for the return of the second bill and for the money on the first to be refunded, but not a penny had been received.

One of the main points of the case was Lord Downshire's ignorance of business matters, a point naturally emphasised by the prosecution.

The Marquis said he had no idea of what the two documents meant when he signed them; he only took Mr. Sebright's word.

"I read them, but I didn't understand them," he said. "I thought they looked like cheques."

What the Marquis Doesn't Know.

Mr. Horace Avory, who defended, showed some scepticism, and there ensued the following amusing little colloquy:—

How many cheques do you suppose you draw in a year?—Hundreds.

You know how to draw them? You don't require assistance?—No.

And I suppose you know there are such things as public companies?—I believe there are. (Laughs.)

You know the difference between a company which has been formed and a company which is going to be formed?—I didn't take the trouble to inquire about it.

Mr. Avory: Come, do you mean to say you don't know the difference between an infant and an unborn' child? (Loud laughter.)

The Recorder: He hasn't been asked that yet.

Do you really mean to say that in January you did not know what a bill of exchange was?—No.

That did not know the difference between such a bill and a cheque?—I didn't.

You have taken action previously on bills of exchange?

I know nothing whatever about it; I have never bothered.

Mr. Avory: Oh, I know you never bother about anything, but it won't bother you to try to recollect.

The Marquis declared that he had not taken criminal proceedings in order to get back his money.

Mr. Avory: Are you in the habit of frequenting the Trocadero bar?—Oh, I really don't know. But you must know that—Well, I have been there. Drinking with cabmen and other people?—No.

I have you said at the Trocadero that you got this man committed for trial for the purpose of getting the money out of him?—No.

An interesting little fact came out in the Marquis's re-examination. He remembered accepting only one bill before these two—for his brother. He became suspicious of Mr. Sebright, he said, in consequence of something his "man" told him. He now knew that Mr. Sebright was an undischarged bankrupt, and there was no getting money out of him.

A list of Mr. Sebright's bankruptcies concluded the day's evidence. They were:—

	Assets	Liabilities
Bankruptcy in 1886	Nil	£15,000
" 1890	Nil	2,928
" 1896	£123	8,397
" 1898	Nil	23,093

The case was adjourned.

WIGS FOR MEN.

"John Strange Winter," who has recently written to the *Daily Mirror* regarding the wigs worn by women, may not be aware that wigs are also made for men. Mr. Clarkson, the well-known perruquier, is an authority on toupees, and makes wigs for hundreds of men. He said yesterday these toupees are to cover the bald patch on the top of the head, and doctors often recommend them. A man famous in artistic circles came all the way from Turkey last year to get him to make one of a special shape. Toupees weigh about half an ounce, and cost from two to seven guineas.

ATLANTIC OCEAN RACE.

Cunard Company Wins—An Arctic Owl Chases the Campania.

The second ocean race home from New York with the British mails, is apparently eventuating, like the first race last week, in victory for the Cunard steamer, which uses the Queenstown-Liverpool route, as against the American liner, which makes Southampton her port. Under recent arrangements an American liner, as well as a Cunard steamer, leaves New York every Saturday; the mails are divided between them, and the object aimed at is to land the mails within time to allow of replies to urgent communications being despatched by the Saturday's return steamer from Liverpool. The American liner failed last week in the first race.

On the second race this week the Campania (Cunard) sailed from New York at 5 p.m. on Saturday last, five hours and a half later than the St. Louis (American Line) and the Campania arrived at Queenstown at 2.39 yesterday afternoon. Up to that hour there were no tidings of the St. Louis. The Campania had many passengers (the list includes the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe returning from the wedding) and 980 bags of mails. The Irish portion, 134 bags, were landed, and the vessel proceeded to Liverpool.

Irish business men are thus allowed a full day to prepare their replies for Sunday morning's departing mail, and even North-East of England business houses also will have their letters in good time.

Bird Chase at Sea.

On Sunday, when south of Nova Scotia, a strange bird was seen close to the liner, flying very rapidly and travelling faster than the ship, which was running at twenty-four statute miles an hour. Close behind were several sea gulls endeavouring to catch the stranger, but they could not fly quick enough to overtake it. After a while, the bird sought refuge on deck, alighting so tired out that it was easily caught. It was then seen to be a species of "snowy owl," a circum-polar bird which breeds chiefly within the Arctic circle and is common in parts of Greenland and Iceland. It measured from tip to tip of the wings 38 inches.

The St. Louis Sighted.

Late last night news came that the St. Louis had passed the Lizard and would reach Southampton at 6 a.m. to-day.

MRS. BROWN POTTER'S REBUFF.

Mrs. Brown Potter, the well-known actress, recited Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to a musical accompaniment played by Mr. Adolph Mann. This music, according to Mrs. Brown Potter, is "entirely secondary" to her own remarkable performances, and Mr. Mann had "special instructions to keep as far away from Coleridge Taylor's music on the same subject as possible, as she did not want any of his music."

Mr. Mann, according to the musical critics of various organs, provincial and otherwise, did not kill Mr. Coleridge Taylor at arm's length. Mr. Mann, said they, played "a very clever adaptation of Mr. Coleridge Taylor's music."

So clever, indeed, was it that yesterday Mrs. Brown Potter, Mr. Adolph Mann, and their agents appeared before Mr. Justice Keckewich to answer for an alleged infringement of copyright in regard to certain music composed by Mr. Coleridge Taylor. Messrs. Novello and Co., the well-known music publishers, were the plaintiffs, and Mrs. Brown Potter and Mr. Mann will pay £8 as damages.

IS DANCING DECLINING?

There is abundant evidence that dancing is declining in favour. The question: "Does the public want a new dance?" which formed the subject of a letter in the "Tatler," has elicited from Mr. R. M. Crompton, one of the acknowledged heads of the dancing profession, some severe criticisms on dancing as it is nowadays carried on.

He is also of the opinion that no new dance is required, and in proof of this he says that the present is the first season for ten years in which he has not brought out a new dance.

There is no demand for one, he says, and he adds that the "cake-walk" is the only one that is increasing in popularity.

To-Day's Arrangements.

Movements of the Court.

The King and Queen of Italy leave England.

The Duchess of Albany attends the Deptford and Brockley District "League of Mercy" at the Abbey and Stanhope School, New Cross-road.

To-day's Weddings.

Mr. T. S. Parry and Miss Hocken, of 7, Wimpole-street, W., at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, will be married.

Mr. Balfour H. Neill, third son of Mr. P. C. Neill, of Dunedin, New Zealand, and Miss Roma Mary Hill James, younger daughter of Mrs. James, of Belgrave-mansions, Grosvenor-gardens, at St. Michael's Church, Chester-square, at 2.

General.

Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree presides at the Actors' Benevolent Fund Dinner at the Whitehall Rooms.

Theatres.

Aloppo, "The Girl from Kay's," 2 and 8.

*Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.

*Daly's, "A Country Girl," 2 and 8.

FOUR DAYS BURIED.

A Durham Miner's Fortitude Through a Terrible Ordeal.

A man who had been entombed for ninety-two hours in a Durham colliery, at Sacriston, cut off from escape by a flood of water, has, strange to relate, been rescued alive. The hero of this ordeal is Robert Richardson, aged thirty, the father of four children. The inrush of water occurred on Monday, and his relief was effected yesterday morning.

He tells a thrilling story of his preservation. When he found the water coming in he built a heap of coals and near it laid a tub. Upon this he laid several planks, and mounting this platform, waited, knowing that sooner or later a rescue party would set to work.

A little food had remained, which fed him on Monday, and his lamp gave him light throughout that day. But for the three remaining days he was without food or light.

Fortunately, he had with him a bottle of fresh water, and, using this sparingly, it lasted until relief came. Throughout his entombment he continually rapped his wooden tub to guide his rescuers. After his lamp went out on Monday night he lost all idea of time, and when rescued on Friday morning thought it was only Wednesday morning.

THE TEN-STONE CHILD.

Seen by the King's Doctor—The Young Giant's Conversation.

"Come in, John, and see the lady," said a coaxing voice, and mine hostess of the Waterman's Arms entered the parlour behind the bar, leading the Peckham prodigy by the hand towards the *Daily Mirror* representative.

He is certainly very fat, his apple cheeks bulge over his collar, but his clear blue eyes and curling brown hair redeem him from unattness. He came in unwillingly, for the poor child is getting weary of the greatness which has been thrust upon him.

He is indignant at the suggestion that he is six years of age, and only ten stone in weight. His correct age is five years and one month, and his weight is ten stone and four pounds; which truths render him even more of a wonder than ever. His name is John Trundley, and his home is in Cotgrave-road, Peckham.

He has a summary method of dealing with rude little boys. "Sometimes I hit them with a cane; sometimes with a stick." He can hold his own in a boxing bout with his father, who is well advised in keeping on good terms with his five-year-old son, of whom he is very proud.

John looked up from a box of figs brought for his delectation. "That's a fine long chain you've got," he remarked, and, seizing the pencil at the end, proceeded laboriously to make a row of strokes on the lid of the box, while mine hostess proudly averred, "He'd do them much better sitting up at the table. The King's doctor, he's seen him, and he don't know what to make of him." No one, it seems, knows what to make of John.

MOTOR-CAR REGULATIONS.

A series of instructions bearing on the regulation and licensing of motor-cars under the Act which comes into force on January 1 has been issued to county councils by the Local Government Board.

Each car must carry a separate number, and notice of change of ownership must be given, 5s. in the case of a motor-car and 1s. in that of a motor-cycle being the transference charge.

The identification mark of motor-cars is to consist of two plates, though designs may be used instead of plates. The plates are to be fixed one on the front and the other on the back of the motor-car in an upright position, so that every letter or figure is easily distinguishable.

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SHORT HOME NEWS.

"ZOO" DIRECTOR RETIRING.

Having carried out all that he deems necessary to bring the Zoological Gardens of London into line with modern requirements, Mr. W. E. de Winton has tendered his resignation of his directorship of that institution. He succeeded Dr. P. L. Sclater, who retired some months ago, and is now retiring under the arrangements made then and set forth above as having been carried out.

CHILDREN'S EloPement.

There is material for several days' conversation at Burntisland over the reported elopement of two children, neither of whom is over sixteen years of age. The boy is the son of a local draper, and the girl the daughter of a grocer. They are said to have gone to Edinburgh, and thence to London, and for expenses the lad is thought to have £200 with him. The police are looking for them.

MANY M.P.'S ON TOUR.

Next Wednesday morning will see the departure from Victoria Station of the party of 170 English members of Parliament, the Agents-General for the Colonies, and several ladies, for Paris, to return the recent visit of the French members to England. The visits last until December 9. A hundred motor-cars and carriages are to be placed at the disposal of the visitors while in Paris. Mr. Louis Sinclair, M.P., is in charge of the arrangements in England.

GEESE IN THE WITNESS BOX.

Few police court scenes are stranger than one which took place at Leicester yesterday, when two geese were "called" as evidence. Their owner was charged with putting quills through the bills of twenty-three geese, for the purpose of preventing them from eating corn. The farmer said that their anatomy was such that his operation was painless, two of the geese were brought into court for this view to be demonstrated. The lynch was evidently of opinion that though the operation seemed cruel it was not a gross case, for they seemed the farmer only one shilling and costs.

DARK HOURS WITH DEAD KINGS.

A duplicate copy of the famous and ancient Coronation Chair was exhibited yesterday in the windows of a large furniture and upholstery establishment in the west of London. This duplicate is exact, not only in every ordinary particular, such as shape, size, and decoration, but in every single mark which is to be found upon the original. Beneath the seat there is, too, a duplicate of the old Crowning Stone, which bears upon it even the reproduction of the initials of an old Westminster boy. He stopped in the Abbey all night, in accordance with a wager made, and to prove this he sawed his initials on the stone as evidence that he had actually "passed the dark hours with dead kings."

THE BIBLE AND LITERARY STYLE.

The value of the English Bible as a monument of literary style has long been recognised, but Dr. Edward Gosse, Translator to the Board of Trade, puts the whole matter tersely in the sentences we quote from his letter of congratulation to the Bible Society on the attainment of the centenary of its existence. He says:—

"The Gospels vibrate with the tender and thrilling melody of stringed instruments, and in the narrations of the Old Testament, and in the Psalms we find a wider orchestra, and the silver trumpet predominates."

To those who wish to cultivate a good prose style he says:—"Read aloud a portion of the Old and another of the New Testament as often as you possibly can."

MURDER BY DYNAMITE.

A dynamite mine, exploding beneath the carriage in which he was driving, about twelve miles from Washington, was the cause of the death of Mr. S. F. Ferguson, the American railway contractor. A detective from Pittsburgh, U.S.A., told the story yesterday at Bow-street. At the scene of the explosion in the road there was a hole six feet deep, which was electrically connected with a battery in a neighbouring bush. The explosion is believed to have been caused just as Mr. Ferguson's horses were over the mine, for fragments of their carcases were found near the spot. Footprints will make important evidence in the elucidation of the crime. Two Croatian labourers, arrested in this country on suspicion of being concerned in the crime, were again remanded.

RACING AT DERBY.

The Derby Autumn Meeting concluded yesterday, when the results were:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Alltree's (4)	Barrett Goddard	Madden	100 to 12
Steeple-Cover	Walter	Walter	100 to 12
Orion (18)	Pria	Pria	9 to 1
Cochrane (11)	Japan	McIntyre	9 to 1
Rangemore (7)	Cereta Filly	Martin	8 to 1
King's Plate (8)	Firman	Lane	11 to 8
Quebec (in pairs)	Barrett	Barrett	11 to 8
Derby (in pairs)	Walter	Walter	11 to 8
At the Derby, Pria, who was racing today the following day, may prove successful.—Two-year-old Plate—Venus or Cockatrice; Vyner Handicap—Swooper or Snowdrop; Champion-Prix—Dean Swift or Lady Anchester; Autumn Handicap—Big Steak or Pitch Battle; All-aged Selling Plate—Sir Solera; November Plate—La Napole or Lady Lightfoot.			

Karakoul and Archon have both been withdrawn from the Manchester November Handicap, and Lord Ellerton has withdrawn from the Liverpool November Handicap. In the former, Mr. J. C. Ross, who ran the race yesterday, has earned a £15. penalty for the races, raising his impost to 7s. 9d. In the limited market yesterday on the last great handicap of the season—Prix du Roi—Bunyan was readily supported at shortening odds between 100 to 8 and 10 to 1. Swift Cap and Gold Lock, two recent winners, also faded backers, as did Montauk Rose. The outsiders mentioned were Kano and Claqueur.

Fans of the Eighteenth Century

By Mr. NEVILLE JACKSON.

WHEN a lady of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth asked Queen Christina of Sweden if she thought it advisable to use fans in winter as well as in summer, she replied, "Certainly not; you have enough airs without them!"

This witty saying touched the French ladies on a tender spot, wherefore they slighted her opinion and revenged themselves on her rudeness by carrying a fan at all times and seasons. Modern collectors sigh to think of the enormous number of beautiful fans which must have been produced to meet the demand, very few of which have survived to show what the skill of the artist, the jeweller, the gold

The fragility of a lovely fan is part of its charm. Every connoisseur will admit that lightness and delicacy form an inherent part of a successful design. We are speaking of the fans of the eighteenth century, not the "prodigious long-handled fans with which gentlemen reproved their daughters in the good old days (?) of Queen Bess, nor of the huge fans used by Judges on circuit in the reign of James the First, which were probably needed for ventilating the close air of the courts."

Both men and women used fans in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and very costly and beautiful objects they were. Such fans may be seen in the pictures of Titian. That the business of fan-making was an important one during the Restoration period in England is proved by the petition to the House of Commons, entitled the "Fannemakers' Grievance," on account of the importation of fans from the East Indies. In this petition we learn that "multitudes of men, women, and children are employed in making the sticks, paper leathers, in ordering the silk, likewise large numbers employed in painting, varnishing, and japping."

protective duty of forty shillings was placed upon imported fans, and if they were painted their importation was forbidden.

A study of the fans of the second half of the eighteenth century affords many a peep into the private and political life of the time with all its humours. Literary fans, fans for musical folk, politicians, card-players, churchgoers, all are to be found, for printed fan leaves were much in vogue. Calendrical fans were provided for dabbler in finance, social caricatures figured on many.

Charades, riddles, and anagrams are printed on others, while portraits of popular preachers with texts and hymns were printed on leaves to be mounted for use in church. Many fine specimens of printed fan leaves are to be

in the fans; for example, the cabriolet fan remains to remind us of the passing whim of fashion which could only be satisfied by the representation of the huge old-fashioned carriage painted upon the sticks.

Figures of Liberty, triangles, lictors, and staves decorated the fans of the French Revolutionary period with which the eighteenth century closed. Charlotte Corday is said to have held her fan in one hand while she stabbed Murat with her other.

The modern revival in the taste for antique fans, which has necessitated a reproduction of old models dating from the days of Louis XV., began as early as 1829, when a fancy-dress ball was given at the Tuilleries.

A quadrille was to be danced by ladies and

century belle, was specially designed to accord with the dress, so every perfumer's shop in Paris was ransacked, and the merchants who had kept their old stock sold at a large profit.

When the great beauty of the fans of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. was seen the collecting craze began, which had two results of vast importance to the present-day collection; first, the price of original specimens became almost prohibitory; second, the demand for old fans was promptly supplied by new ones, if one may be pardoned for the bull, for the antique fan-maker is always with us.

Those who wish to form a representative collection should not fail to acquire a Vernis Martin example. Such fans are generally in a fine state of preservation, as the varnish has preserved the painting in a remarkable degree.

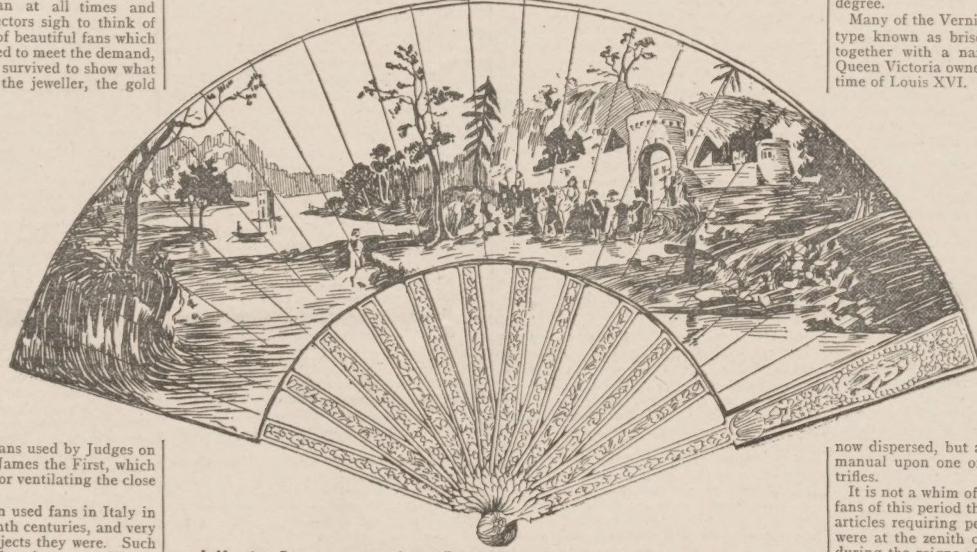
Many of the Vernis Martin fans were of the type known as brisé, the blades being held together with a narrow ribbon. The late Queen Victoria owned several dating from the time of Louis XVI. Fan sticks were imported from China and Japan, and it is not unusual to find a European leaf mounted on Oriental sticks.

The fashions of the Pompadour period in fan-painting give us dainty medallions painted in the methods of Bourcher, Wathan, Lancret, and Greuze; Cupid and Venus sport in sylvan glades, rose garlands frame the pictures. Fan paintings are seldom signed; a unique specimen signed by Wathan was at one time in the Bruzard collection, which is now dispersed, but as a rule there is no sign manual upon one of these dainty, delightful trifles.

It is not a whim of fashion which makes the fans of this period the most sought after. All articles requiring perfection in workmanship were at the zenith of their beauty in France during the reigns of the three monarchs who did so much to foster artistic feeling and skill, both in subsidising industrial enterprise and in encouraging lavish display at their Courts.

From the reign of Louis XIV. the history of the fan in all its beauty may be said to date, and its artistic evolution makes an interesting study.

From the point of view of the collector, there are few art treasures that offer such a wide field for the display of knowledge and taste.



A Hunting Scene represented in a Painted Fan of the Eighteenth Century, the sticks of which are of carved ivory.

seen in Lady Charlotte Schreiber's beautiful collection.

But such fans, though extremely interesting, can lay no claim to beauty, whereas the Watteau and Bourchier medallion period shows us more beauty of design and workmanship than a whole collection of such utility specimens.

Quaint fashions and conceits are preserved

gentlemen of the Court, who were to appear in the dress of the Louis XV. period, and as much time and trouble was expended then as was a few years ago when the Duchess of Devonshire gave her great costume ball at Devonshire House.

Amongst the correct accessories to be hunted up, the fan, the most important weapon in the armoury of the eighteenth

programme is filling his house, but he is prepared for a change when he thinks one advisable. Mr. Waller's next production will be "Ruy Blas," by John Davidson.

Another costume play that will also be seen in the New Year is "Pretty Peggy." It has made a decided hit in America, and Mr. Curzon has arranged to bring over the American actress, Miss Grace George, to fill her original part—that of Peg Woffington. The theatre scene in "Pretty Peggy," where the brawl takes place, will probably make quite a sensation when seen in London.

New Musical Plays.

The earliest of the new musical comedies that we may expect in the New Year will be "Madame Sherry," at the Apollo. This has been a success in both Germany and America, and no doubt Mr. George Edwardes will make it succeed here. It has pretty music, and will have the assistance of most of the members of the company at present with "The Girl from Kay's." Miss Hilda Moody will make her reappearance in it.

At Daly's the successor to "A Country Girl" is in preparation by author and composer, Mr. James T. Turner and Mr. Lionel Monckton, but it need not be expected before February or March. The scene of the story not laid in Europe, but of that no more can be said at present.

The Tips of Royal Visitors.

THE domestic dovecots of even so royal a household as that of Windsor Castle must be fluttered when comes the last hour of such a royal visit as that which ends to-day.

"To tip or not to tip, that is the question," even among very great people, and in spite of the efforts made by various arbiters of royal etiquette the matter is regarded from very different points of view by our Sovereign's foreign guests.

In The Good Old Days.

Sixty years ago royal tipping was done on a scale of splendid magnificence. Kings rarely visited their brother rulers, and when they did so they liked to be long remembered in the land which had extended to them kindly hospitality. The superb Nicholas of Russia, after having been entertained by Queen Victoria two days, left for the servants of Windsor Castle two thousand golden sovereigns! The housekeeper received a splendid necklace of

"The Cherry Girl."

Peeps at the Pantomimes.

Coming Events in Stageland for Christmas.

NO time in the dramatic year is fraught with such interest to hundreds of playgoers as the approaching season of Christmas with its forthcoming pantomimes and plays. The palpitating expectation of the children, who await with the keenest curiosity an event of such weighty import as the production of the Drury Lane pantomime, is shared by their elders, who, in some cases, are even more eager than the children themselves. This year, more than ever, the managers who are responsible for these productions have contrived to combine happily the qualities that will appeal equally to young and old.

Humpty Dumpty at Drury Lane.

Great preparations are now in progress for the production of the great spectacular pantomime at Drury Lane, and the engrossing history of "Humpty Dumpty" has been chosen as the theme most likely to interest playgoers of all ages. Mr. Collins, ever noted for his magnificent spectacular effects, has resolved to eclipse his former efforts, and the scenery in this season's Christmas production is to be on the most elaborate scale.

At the Garrick.

The first Christmas play to appear will be Mr. Arthur Bourchier's representation of "The Cricket on the Hearth," at the Garrick. The fairy element of the original version is to be preserved, and new music has been specially composed by Mr. Edmund Rickett. For stage purposes the play has been divided into "A Warble and Three Chirps." The name of Mr. Bourchier is a guarantee that this production will be of the finest order, and the Dickensian element will make a thoroughly Christmas-like setting.

"The Cherry Girl."

An important date is December 17, when "The Cherry Girl," by Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter, is to make her bow at the Vaudeville. Charming as the Christmas plays always are at this theatre, something even better is promised this year, whilst the cast will include, in addition to Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Courteau Pounds, and Mr. Murray King, quite a host of clever children who can act, dance, and sing.

Two days before Christmas Day is the important occasion fixed for the production of Mr. Basil Hood's new fairy play, en-

iamonds worth a thousand pounds, and the Queen's official household were overwhelmed with gold snuff-boxes, jewelled pins, bracelets, and rings!

A Brother Emperor.

Some twenty years later, when Napoleon III. and his lovely Empress stayed at our Court for three nights, some fifteen hundred pounds remained in token of their brief visit, and the same considerable sum was disbursed by Queen Victoria's Comptroller, when her late Majesty, the Prince Consort, and their elder children went to Paris shortly afterwards.

According to Protocol.

It is said that this absurd and wasteful lavishness so shocked Prince Albert that he himself, after due inquiry, drew up a scale—not of charges, but of tips. According to this "Protocol of tips," as a witty princess dubbed this arrangement a Sovereign leaves far larger tips than does an heir-apparent, and humbler members of the royal caste are let off comparatively lightly. In each case the amount which the visitor's tips should not exceed is mentioned to the august personage's Privy Purse shortly before the conclusion of the visit at Windsor or Buckingham Palace.

What Victor Emmanuel Will Bestow.

The King of Italy will almost certainly disburse about £500, for this is the sum always spent in vails by the German Emperor when staying with King Edward and Queen Alexandra. But it should be mentioned that no limit is placed on the various beautiful and costly souvenirs distributed to those who are members of their Majesties' household, or who are in temporary waiting on the royal guest.

The Minor Royalties' Tips.

Visiting a great European Court is a costly pleasure for even minor royal personages, their tipping expenses having been estimated at from twenty to fifty pounds a night.

King Edward and Vails.

The King has a great objection to the great lengths to which tipping is carried on in this country. Both at Sandringham and at Mar Lodge tipping is sternly disowned by the host and hostess, but when staying at his friends' houses his Majesty gives splendid vails, which is perhaps scarcely consistent, though very human, in one who is every inch a king!

FINE AUTUMN DAY.

NOTABLE PEOPLE SEEN AT LUNCH-TIME.

45 and 46, New Bond-street.

Friday Evening.

The beautiful weather continuing, people are beginning to think of the pleasant possibility of a November without fog, and although there has been no sunshine to speak of to-day, there has been plenty of life and movement in the streets.

This morning there were quantities of carriages about, as well as pedestrians, but after lunch things were certainly quieter, for people went off to Windsor to attend the second day of the Irish Sale.

In the West End.

Lady Falmouth, who is just back in town again, was on her way to Hengler's; Baron Percy De Worms, wearing grey tweed, was walking with her mother, Lady Samuel, who had on an astrakhan coat. The Dowager Lady Headfort, accompanied by her daughter, was shopping, and Mrs. Lawrence Currie, driving in a motor-brougham, was well wrapped up.

Cabinet Ministers at Lunch.

There were a number of very interesting people lunching at Willis's to-day, among them no fewer than three Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Arthur Balfour was lunching there, and another party consisted of Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Lord Dudley.

Lady Grenfell, in black, with a huge knot of lilies tucked into her dress, and a black and mauve hat, was lunching with friends; Captain and Mrs. Dewhurst were together, the latter in black with a three-cornered hat; and Sir Charles Cust and Mr. Jameson were at another table.

Where People Are.

Mr. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness have arrived in town, and are staying at the Berkeley Hotel.

Prince Francis of Teck has returned to town from Rangemore Park, where he has been staying with Lord and Lady Burton.

Sir George and Lady Lucke are at Margate, where the former is recovering by slow degrees from the severe illness which hurried him home from India, and from the effects of the operation he underwent at St. Leonards.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, her daughter, Lady Isabel Innes-Ker, and Captain Reginald Ward are returning from New York and arrive in London to-morrow.

A Recognition.

The Italian Government, recognising the importance of their relations with this country, which have been still further cemented by the royal visits, have decided to add to the salary of Signor Pansa, their Ambassador to this country, in order that he may be able to entertain in the way worthy of a great power. There could be no more charming *mise en scène* for entertainments of any kind than the Italian Embassy, which is one of the most spacious houses in Grosvenor-square.

On the Sick List.

Lady Willshire is laid up at her house in Belgrave-road with bronchitis, and in consequence was unable to open the Waifs and Strays Bazaar at the Queen's-road Baths, Bayswater, on the first day.

Lord Roberts, who is now slowly getting better, makes a somewhat trying patient, owing to his extraordinary energy, which makes lying up a great trial to him.

Lord Kilmorey has had a slight accident and has broken the small bones of one leg.

At the Restaurants.

At Prince's, to-night, Prince Francis of Teck gave a dinner party of twelve, others dining in the restaurant being Lord Temple, Lord Gerard, and Lord Lathom.

At the Carlton last night Count Albert Mendorff entertained at dinner the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir, M. de Soveral, and Captain Seymour Fortescue, whilst to-night Baron Eckardstein was entertaining a party of eight.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will arrive at Culford Hall on Monday evening to stay with Lord and Lady Cadogan until Friday next. Amongst those invited to meet them are Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing, Lord and Lady Chelsea, Lord and Lady Lurgan, Lord Charles Montagu, and Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest.

The exhibition and sale of work in connection with the Working Ladies' Guild will be held in the gallery of the National Skating Palace from December 4 to 8. It will be opened by Princess Henry of Battenberg on the 4th, and by the Duchess of Albany on the 8th.

This guild, of which the Queen is a patron, was started in 1876 to assist gentlewomen with small incomes to obtain various kinds of employment. The Princess of Wales is president of one department, and takes a deep and personal interest in the guild.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is expected in Edinburgh on December 8, when a large meeting will be held in connection with the Queen Victoria School for the sons of Scottish soldiers and sailors.

Lady Cromer is leaving for Egypt by the Mongolian, which leaves Marseilles next Fri-

day. She will be accompanied by Lady Beatrice Thynne, who intends making a long stay with her. Lady Cromer has won golden opinions in Egypt in both official and social circles, and has proved Lord Cromer's right hand in his important position.

* * *

Lady Louise Loder will open an International Exhibition of Inventions at Brighton next Wednesday, when she will be supported by Mr. Gerald Loder, Sir Arthur Owtrey, Sir John French, Lord Galloway, and Sir Arthur Fairbairn.

* * *

Miss Kemble, Lord Fincastle's fiancée, is a pretty and intelligent girl, who will be well dowered. Her family are "neighbours" (in a large sense) of Lord Fincastle's family, for Lord Dunmore is the principal owner of Harris, while Mr. Kemble's property is in Skye. "Lord Fin," as he is called, is a gallant young man, who won the V.C., while acting as correspondent of the "Times" in the Swat Valley—an honour usually reserved for the active forces. His family are prominent in "Christian Science" circles.

* * *

Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, who is looking out for a flat in town, will devote a great deal of her time in future to philanthropy. Hitherto, her time has been greatly occupied with her father, the late Duke of Richmond, whom she was not only private secretary but companion and, indeed, nurse.

* * *

The newly-married Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, who before long will arrive in England, intend to take a house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square for next season. There is no big town house connected with the Roxburghe family, and the Duchess intends to buy one and make it very beautiful and complete in every way.

* * *

The new Duke of Richmond will gain the gratitude of racegoers in the fact that he attends at an early date to have a new grand stand erected at Goodwood. Visitors to Goodwood have for long complained of the discomfort of the present stand, which is quite antiquated in construction.

* * *

One of the largest house parties of next week is the one Lord and Lady Ilchester will entertain at their Dorsetshire seat Abbotsbury. Here the pheasant shooting is particularly good, and there is also plenty of wildfowl. Early next month Lord and Lady Ilchester move to Melbury House, their other picturesque Dorsetshire home, where they will remain till they come to London for the season.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Valerie de Crespigny to Captain Smiley, which should have taken place next Thursday, is postponed in consequence of her brother, Mr. V. de Crespigny's accident in the hunting field last Monday.

* * *

Under the distinguished patronage of the Duchess of Westminster, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Lady Anglesey, Lady Ormonde, Lady Pembroke, Lady Westmorland, Lady Warwick, and many other ladies, a grand entertainment will be given in aid of "The Diamond Guild Cot," Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, W., on Tuesday, December 15, at the Grafton Galleries, New Bond-street.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

"With every turn of Fortune's busy wheel some good beside you."

Many happy returns to—
The Dowager Lady Mayo. | Lord Overton.
Lady Helena Ogleby. | Sir William Folkes.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

Lord Julia Follett | Lord Edward Seymour.
Mrs. Lancelet Butler. | Mr. Leopold Rothschild.
Bowdon.

Sir William Folkes is a Norfolk landowner and a neighbour of the King and Queen at Sandringham. Hiltington Hall, his seat, is situated in a fine park, which has several times been lent by him to the Norfolk Yeomanry for their annual training under canvas.

Mr. Leopold Rothschild is a brother of Lord Rothschild, as well as a member of the world-famous firm. He is a well-known racing man, and an ardent motorist, possessing two beautiful places—Ascot, near Leighton Buzzard, and Gunnersbury Park.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mrs. Baden-Powell and Miss Baden-Powell have gone abroad to spend the winter at Mentone.

The Earl and Countess of Yarmouth sailed from Liverpool for New York on Wednesday, and will return to England on December 30.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Colonel J. Rowlands, late the King's Own Regiment, and Lois, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. R. C. Creatorex, of Dabshill, Harrow.

A marriage has been arranged between Lieutenant-Colonel B. H. Phillips, son of John Chapel Phillips and the late Hon. Mrs. Phillips, of The Heath House, Temple, Stoke-on-Trent, and Lucy Madeline, second daughter of Colonel Marton and the Hon. Mrs. Marton, of Capernwray, Lancashire.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

A ROYAL GIFT.

THE QUEEN PRESENTS QUEEN ELENA WITH A SABLE COLLIE.

Great excitement prevailed at the establishment of a fashionable dog-doctor when a telephone message was received from the Queen at Windsor Castle to the effect that her Majesty wanted a fine sable collie dog to be immediately sent down to her, as she wished to present it to Queen Elena as a parting gift.

Sable collies are not procurable at a few moments' notice, and messengers were sent out in all directions in search of one. Eventually their efforts were crowned with success, and three beautiful specimens left London for Windsor yesterday afternoon.

Her Majesty has always been fond of collies, and they are favourites also with the Princess of Wales. Sable collies are not frequently seen, but they are very delightful house dogs, and are most faithful and obedient animals.

WHERE THE SUN IS SHINING.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Nice, Friday.

Nice is beginning to fill up a little, but not until next month is it really full, or even later. Mr. and Mrs. Cazalet are not to be at the Villa Liserb this season, but have let it to Mrs. Butterfield. It is a beautiful terra cotta coloured house, with green shutters and charming rooms. The garden, with its magnificent old olive trees growing out of grassy cushions, its fine Judas trees and orange and lemon groves, is most beautiful.

AN OLD WELL.

Sir Thomas and Lady Hanbury will spend the winter at La Mortola, their lovely villa near Mentone. It stands on the site of an old Saracen Castle, and the old well still exists in the entrance hall, from which water can be drawn in a silver bucket. The house, built in the Italian style, has beautifully frescoed rooms, and much white marble is used both within and on the terraces; avenues of ancient cypresses lead towards the Mediterranean, and the grounds in spring are indeed gardens of delight, with masses of Banksia and other roses, and all sorts of rare and interesting plants.

La Mortola has been visited by many royal personages, and the visitors' book contains the autographs of the late Queen Victoria, the present King and Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Empress Eugenie. Sir Thomas Hanbury is a noted botanist, and is never happier than when wandering on the neighbouring hills in search of rare plants.

A MARBLE PALACE.

Mrs. Evans has arrived at the Torre di Cimella, her splendid white marble palace at Nice, from her villa at Roehampton, and will, as usual, give dinners bi-weekly and other entertainments. The Torre di Cimella is built of Carrara marble, and cost a quarter of a million sterling. The avenue of palms is unequalled in Europe, and Mrs. Evans erected last year a beautiful Pompeian temple at the end of it. The treasures of pictures, old Chinese embroideries, and porcelain in the house are of very great value.

The Archbishop of York and Mrs. Mangan, who are at present staying at Saint Raphael, are going from there to visit Mr. Edward Woodall at his villa, La Selva, on the Cimiez hill, near Nice. It is very charmingly situated, with beautiful views of the town of Nice and the Mediterranean. The grounds of the villa are exquisitely laid out and full of rare and beautiful plants, the single and double dahlias and the immense bushes of heliotrope being at present in great beauty. The Archbishop's health is very much better, but he is still far from strong.

It is hoped that Mrs. McCalmon will be able to move shortly to her lovely villa near Beauville. It is charmingly situated in a sheltered nook and has views of Villefranche Bay on one side and Monaco and the Italian Littoral on the other. A yacht can lie quite close to the villa in a little private harbour.

New Arrivals.

Lord Wharncliffe has taken the Villa Chateau at Cannes, and he and Lady Wharncliffe are to arrive there during next week for the winter.

The Duchess of Leeds has arrived at the Villa des Oliviers, at Bordighera, where the Duke will join her at Christmas. Last year she had a dreadful calamity, as she had given instructions to a firm of gardeners to make some considerable alterations in her grounds, but had never thought of saying that the very fine old olive trees from which the property takes its name were to be respected, never dreaming that they would be touched.

On coming out what was her horror to find that every one had been cut down.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunard have arrived at the Villa Lelefevre at Nice from Orleans House. The garden of the villa is always one of the sights of Nice.

Lady Whalley is again wintering at the Villa Rose at Nice. She is now in her ninetieth year, but is able to give little luncheons and also to go to those given by intimate friends. She has a charming villa at Aix-les-Bains, once occupied by Queen Victoria.

THE GREAT BAZAAR.

CROWDS AT WINDSOR FOR THE IRISH INDUSTRIES SALE.

The Irish Industries Sale at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor, yesterday, was crowded from the opening hour until the close, but a great disappointment was experienced owing to the inability of Queen Alexandra and Queen Elena to be present.

In anticipation of their visit the stairways were kept clear, and persons crowded round the entrance in order to get a good view. The Fleur de Lys band took up a position, but were so hampered by visitors that the conductor said he absolutely refused to play the national anthem if the crowd was not cleared so that his musicians could perform in comfort. This was found to be impossible, as the crush in the sale room was so great, many having come merely to see their Majesties. The conductor mounted on a chair, but still he had no room to wield his baton, and if the two Queens had arrived at that moment they would probably have been welcomed with silence so far as the band was concerned.

Finally a telephonic message arrived stating that the Queens were not coming. Numbers at once left, but it was a long time before one could move about the sale room comfortably.

However, Princess Christian was again present, busily engaged in selling embroideries and pocket handkerchiefs all the afternoon.

The other stall-holders also did a thriving business, and a goodly amount was realised. The total receipts are expected to amount to about the same sum as was realised in 1900, when Queen Victoria visited the Exhibition in Windsor Guildhall.

The organiser of the bazaar informed the *Daily Mirror* representative that while the rooms at the White Hart Hotel were excellent there could be no doubt that had they had more space the financial results would have been better. The amounts for the first day's sales had not all been received, but there was every indication that the total would prove highly satisfactory, and demonstrate the complete success of the sale.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:

BIARRITZ.—Rainy; maximum, 48; minimum, 39.

CAIRO.—Clear; maximum, 71; minimum, 54.

CANNEs.—Thunderstorm, with heavy rain and hail.

MONTE CARLO.—Cold, rainy morning; snow on hills; maximum, 60; minimum, 51.

NAPLES.—Wet, dull; maximum, 58; minimum, 52.

NICE.—Rain; hill-snow-capped; maximum, 53; minimum, 34.

SAN REMO.—Showery, then fine; temperature, at noon, 60.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The following naval appointments are announced:

Capt. C. G. Dicken to be commander, second class, in charge, at Hong Kong, to Jan. 1; H. G. King-Hall, D.S.O., to King Alfred, to date Dec. 2.

Capt. C. G. Godfrey Faussett to Vivid, for Bellerophon to date Nov. 20.

Lieut. C. J. Collins to Berwick, as first lieutenant; R. N. Box to Berwick for 6 months; S. F. Roth to Berwick, for 6 months; C. H. Mainland, R.M.A., to Holloman, M.V.O.; T. F. Firde (temporary) all to Berwick, to date Dec. 9; H. G. Gillibrand to Bonaventure, as first lieutenant; and for 6 months; G. D. Woodward to Bonaventure; N. Finch-Dawson to Furious, for 6 months; L. Wharton to Bonaventure; J. H. Loftie to Furious, for 6 months; H. Finch-Dawson to Furious, for 6 months; L. Patrick, G. L. Saurin, St. Andrew, St. John to Furious, to date Dec. 20.

Capt. G. C. Diance, agent to the Marquis of Northampton, has been gazetted to the honorary rank of major in recognition of his services during the past four years as adjutant to the 1st London Royal Engineers (Volunteers).

LADIES' GOLF.

The Prince's Ladies' Club's foursome, approaching and playing tournament, was brought to a close at Mitcham yesterday. Miss Mabel Malet and Miss Sant were first, and Miss Ethel Malet and Miss Castle second.

Barnesfoot Golf Club played its first ladies' match against Beckenham yesterday, and the result was an easy win for Barnesfoot. The results were:

BARNESFOOT.....	1	BECKENHAM.....	1
Mrs. Stanley Stubbs	1	Mrs. Powell	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	Mrs. Michael	1
Mrs. G. C. Diance	1	Mrs. Porte Davids	0
Mrs. Mackers	1	Mrs. Porte	0
Mrs. Chapman	1	Mrs. Strong	0
Mrs. B. Heath	1	Mrs. Price	0
Mrs. Heath	1	Miss Bishop	0
Total	6	Total	14

A meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union was held in the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, yesterday afternoon, under the presidency of Mr. Tandy Fair. It was resolved to send a delegation to the British Open at Hoylake on the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th May. Steps were taken for the formation of county clubs in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire.

LADIES' COUNTY HOCKEY MATCH.

Surrey Ladies beat Essex Ladies at hockey at Surbiton yesterday by six goals to one. The losers played better than was anticipated, and the defence, particularly that of the captain and inside left, are a first-rate team.

Miss Waters and Miss Prance of the forwards played very pluckily. The winners, though without the captain and inside left, are a first-rate team, particularly the halves and forward line, who played through with some brilliant dashes. Miss Lane, Miss Julius, Miss Nittey, and Mrs. Armstrong were good. The Surrey goalkeeper was barely tested. The goals for the winners were obtained by Miss Lane, Miss Pennington, and Miss Thred, who scored two each.

Surry: Miss K. Woodhouse (Wimbledon), goal; Mrs. Doyle (Surbiton) and Miss Allen (Surbiton), backs; Miss Waters (Essex), Miss Prance (Essex), and Miss Groom (Essex), forwards; Miss Marshall (Wandsworth), goal; Mrs. Sharp (Ilford) and Miss Marshall (Wandsworth), backs; Miss A. Flint (Glynneath Park), Miss Dunlop (Wandsworth), and Miss Fisher (Ilford), half-backs; Mrs. D. Pearce (Surbiton), and Miss E. Williams (Wandsworth), forwards.

Essex: Miss E. A. Allard (Ilford), goal; Mrs. Steinmetz (Privateers), forwards.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE
TO-DAY, at 3, and TO-NIGHT, at 9.
Proceeded at 2.30 and 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II.

MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER
TO-DAY, at 2.30, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 8.30.
MONSIEUR BEAUCRAIRE.
MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY SATURDAY, 2.30.
TWO SPECIAL MATINEES WEDNESDAYS, 2.30 and 9.
Box-office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. 400TH TIME
of MONSIEUR BEAUCRAIRE
November 18, 1903.

COURT THEATRE. Mr. J. H. Leigh.
THE TEMPEST.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEES WED., and FRID., at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel. 5234 Westminster.
SPECIAL SAT. MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2.30.

SHAFESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrave.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
IN DAHOMEY.
The King and his wife.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
IN DAHOMEY.
MATINEES WED. and SAT., 2.15, NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. AUTUMN TOUR—TO-NIGHT, GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.
The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed at the
ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, JANUARY 26.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash—Catchpole and
Sons, 101 Old Bond-street, London, W. are prepared
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels in any quantity.
Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

IN THE EVENT OF A CAB STRIKE THE COUPÉ
COMPANY WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND THEIR
COUPÉ BROUGHAMS FITTED WITH INDIARUBBER
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CORSETS.—DO NOT THROW AWAY
YOUR OLD FAVOURITES, when properly repaired
they may be even better than new ones. PAUL
We have special workrooms for CLEANING and generally
RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets in
three days. An estimate will be given in every case, and if not
agreed to we return the corsets uncharged.

J. ROSENBAUM AND SONS, Corset Makers,
118, Pall Mall, S.W. and branches.
Corsets made to measure in three sizes from 18s. 6d.
Please mention "Daily Mirror."

GOAL. 16s. 6d.—UNEQUALLED IN LONDON,
INDIAN COLLIERS SUPPLY COMPANY,
108, Pancras-road, N.W. and Town High-street, N.E.
India Silkstock, 21s. Ed. India Bazaar, 18s. Ed.
Best Brights 20s. Ed. Cobble 16s. Ed.
Range Nuts 19s. Ed. Coke (per sack) 1s. 6d.
All qualities special value; trial solicited. Tel. 779 K.C.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

THE MAGAZINE DE LUXE FOR ALL CULTURED
PEOPLE.

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

THE NOVEMBER CONNOISSEUR,
with which is

PRESENTED FIVE CHARMING PLATES.

MAN'S HEAD. From a Painting by FRANZ HALS.

MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND. From an Engraving
by THOS. CHEESMAN, after ANGELICA KAUFF-
MAN.

NELL GWYNNE. By SIR PETER LELY. From the
Collection of EARL SPENCER AT ALTHORP.

A MAN TRAP. Printed for CARRINGTON BOWLES.

COUNTES OF JERSEY. From an Engraving by H.
T. RYALL, after E. T. T. PRATT.

NOW ON SALE. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

At all booksellers.

BIRTHS.

BROWN.—On the 17th inst., at Whitehouse House, North-
allerton, the wife of William Brown, of a daughter.
DALE.—On Nov. 17, at 1, St. John's Place, Tun-
bridge, the wife of A. M. Darling, of a daughter.
GOSLING.—On Nov. 14, in Paris, the wife of Cecil Gos-
ling, a Companion of the Order of a son.
HEPBURN.—On the 17th inst., at Newthorpe, Sleaford, Lincoln, Sleaford, a son.
LAW.—On Nov. 18, at Birkenhead, the
wife of P. Palmer, a twin of a daughter.
WRIGHT.—On Nov. 18, at Culross, Fife, the wife of
Duncan Wright, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CRANE-CUTBERTH.—On Oct. 7, at Port Elizabeth, Captain Charles Edward Crane, S.A.C., eldest son of Mrs. Helen (née) Cutbert, of 25 Grosvenor-Place, Eastbourne, to Eliza Wardlaw Creighton Cutbert.
HOBBSON-CRANE.—On Oct. 16, at the Cathedral, Bombay, Captain Edward Hobson-Crane, C.I.C., son of the late Major-General Julian C. Hobson, I.S.C., Hon. Secy. to the Queen, second daughter of Mrs. Henrietta Margaret Crane, and Anna Emily, daughter of Sir Edward Hobson-Crane.
PLAYFAIR-HARVEY.—On the 18th inst., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, by the Rev. E. D. L. Harvey, uncle of the bride, Miss Mary Playfair, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Playfair, of Caversham, Berks, to Frances Sophie, eldest daughter of John Harvey, of Carnousie, Banffshire, N.B., and 5, De Vere-gardens, London.

DEATHS.

FREEMAN.—On Nov. 18, suddenly, while on a visit, to Aylesbury, John Creek Freeman, of West Chase, Mattock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Creek, aged 70.
GOODALL-COPESTAKE.—On Nov. 18, at Kirk Langley, Derby, Mrs. Ann, widow of the late T. Goodall-Cope-
take, aged 73.
HORN.—On the 16th inst., at his residence, 8, Grange-
garden, Edmonton, Christopher Horn, aged 70.
MORISON.—On Nov. 18, at Old Lodge, Tunbridge, John
M. Morison, Postleth, Tunbridge, aged 40 years.
PORTER.—John Porter, of Orwell Lodge, Sutton, only surviving son of the late Richard William Porter, of Ipswich.
TOMAS.—On Oct. 26, at his residence in San José, Costa
Rica, Dona Josefa More de Wittling, widow of Costa Guillemino Wittling.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices
of the Daily Mirror are—

2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

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made payable to the Manager, Daily Mirror.

To Contributors.—The Editors of the Daily Mirror
will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally
upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped
addressed envelope. Contributions should be
mailed promptly to the Editors, The Daily Mirror,
2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. Contributors should
keep a copy of their contribution on the outside envelope. It is imperative
that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and
address written on the first and last pages of the manu-
script, not on a flyleaf only, nor in the letter that may
possibly accompany the contribution.

The
Daily Mirror.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Dancing as a Social Art.

THAT dancing as a social art is on the
decline is both suggested and corroborated
by the opinions, published in another
column, of a well-known professor of
the art. This view will, no doubt,
be strenuously opposed by many of
those who are expert in those simple
and graceful movements which con-
stitute all that is meant by dancing in the
modern ballroom; but in the minds of those
who reflect what dancing might be and what
it has been there can be little doubt that
the art is seriously on the decline.

For in what does the modern trick of
dancing chiefly consist? An analysis of any ball
programme shows it to be essentially
composed of three or four simple steps, com-
bined with the gyratory movement in which
modern dancers have become expert, but
which does not really represent the art of
dancing. The waltz, which we have bor-
rowed from the Germans, is our staple
dance, and whether we dance quadrilles or
lancers, the waltz step remains as
the principal material of our ballroom activi-
ties.

Dancing was once the serious social ac-
complishment of women; it was the brilliant,
illuminated stage upon which their charms,
their feminine arts and graces were most ad-
vantageously displayed. Its slow and
studied postures, its pointing of feet and
flirting of fans, its languishing glances and
sweeping courtesies—in each and all of
these lay the opportunity of the graceful,
and the disaster of the graceless woman.
The waltz is undoubtedly graceful and float-
ing, but it entirely lacks that opportunity for
the display of personality which was so
potent a quality in the old dances.

And what, it may be asked, do we mean
by the old dances? Undoubtedly the most
beautiful and elaborate of all dances is the
gavotte. It has a magic rhythm, and an
endless variety of graceful and studied
figures. That it has fallen into disuse is no
doubt due to the cause suggested by Mr.
CROMPTON—that dancing is not now re-
garded seriously enough as an art. Cak-
walks are not dances; they are gymnastic and
acrobatic exhibitions, and fit only for the
stage. There is nothing social, nothing
mutual in the performance of them. The per-
fect dance is that which makes equal de-
mands on the man and on the woman; which
translates into gesture and movement all
those vague, delicate interchanges, those
subtle encounters of eyes and minds which go
to make up the poetry of sex, and the essence
of refined flirtation. And the best, the most
elaborate expression of this gallant spirit is
without doubt to be found in the gavotte,
the minuet, and the saraband—but most of
all in the gavotte.

This gives him a clear week for reflection,
and much of his mental debate will take
place in his home. If something similar
were done in this country, then the women of
these islands would have an opportunity,
unique, at least to them, of determining the
fiscal fate of themselves and their families,
for they would have plenty of time, away
from the heat of faction and party, of consider-
ing what the action of their men should
be. And who can doubt but that they
would use it well?

the modern dances affords any very sublime
chances for the display of grace or advan-
tage. He is at the best the pilot of a tor-
tuos and difficult course; all that is asked
of him is that he should keep time and step,
and avoid disastrous collisions. But in the
dance of ceremony and grace his opportuni-
ties were always as great as his qualities;
more grave and sober, more dignified and
courtly than his feminine vis-à-vis, he was
yet her equal in the elaborate game, and her
worthy partner in the mannered exchange
of courtesy. And we say, without hesitation,
that not until these dignities have been re-
stored, can we ever hope for a return to the
polish and deference of manner which, amid
many corruptions and disabilities, was never-
theless the crowning decoration of the old
social order.

WOMEN AND TARIFF
REFORM.

BY ROBERT MACHRAY.

Mr. Chamberlain, in the introduction to
his recent speeches, now collected and published in a little book entitled
"Imperial Union and Tariff Reform," practically
suggests that the question of the
Fiscal Policy of the country should be submitted
to popular vote by the method of the
referendum.

He says, truly enough, that this is the
only way in which great national issues can
be decided apart from party government;
in other words, the referendum means the
deliberate and unimpassioned verdict of the
nation.

The proposed change from free trade to
protection is of vital interest to women—
no subject can, seriously speaking, be of
more vital moment, especially to women
of the middle and lower classes. The
question cannot interest the women of the
higher classes quite in the same way; it is
not touch them so personally; it is
not with them a matter which involves
daily bread and the material comfort and
well-being of the home, but it must interest
them keenly because of its national impor-
tance.

It is a woman's question, for it is women
who look after the provisioning, the feeding
of their husbands and families.

That is the business, nearly always, of
women. In millions of homes the great,
frequently the only, subject of domestic
politics is food. How to get the most out of
the house-money—that is the problem they
are for ever called upon to solve. And if,
as the advocates of free trade maintain,
protection means dearer food, the matter
becomes of momentous, of even cruel and
terrible importance.

Mr. Chamberlain, of course, holds that
under the system he has outlined food will
not cost more, but, on the contrary, the
result of it will be that there will be a little
more money with which to buy food. It
is certainly in his favour that he has sug-
gested that the burning question, not of the
hour only, for a question of this gravity,
once settled, must affect a considerable
period, should be judged by a referen-
dum.

Experience of this method of voting in
Switzerland, the home of the referendum,
has shown that it is a Conservative instru-
ment; it is not on the side of change. And yet
it is plain that Mr. Chamberlain does not
fear it, that he believes in it and desires it.

The way in which the referendum is carried
out, if we follow the example of Switzerland,
and most probably we should follow it,
gives women a better chance, perhaps, of
making their voice heard, of bringing their
influence to bear on the votes of their men.
In Switzerland, when a referendum has been
decided upon, or has been called for by a
sufficient number of the people—it is deter-
mined by law—the voting paper (bulletin) is
sent or delivered to each person having a
vote eight days before he has to return it.

This gives him a clear week for reflection,
and much of his mental debate will take
place in his home. If something similar
were done in this country, then the women of
these islands would have an opportunity,
unique, at least to them, of determining the
fiscal fate of themselves and their families,
for they would have plenty of time, away
from the heat of faction and party, of consider-
ing what the action of their men should
be. And who can doubt but that they
would use it well?

OUR CELEBRITIES.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

No. 5.—LORD ROSEBERY.

IT was prophesied of Lord Rosebery that he
would marry the richest woman in Eng-
land, win the Derby, and become Prime
Minister.

The remarkable thing about this prediction
is that it really was current before the two
latter events had taken place.

As a matter of fact, Lord Rosebery has won
the Derby twice, and people on both sides of
politics hope that he will also carry off the
blue riband of politics a second time.

Lord Rosebery is, after the Sovereign, the
most generally popular man in Great Britain.
People are intensely interested in him. His
speeches attract enormous audiences, and
even his collars have been paraded. A
man of the most retiring disposition, he finds
himself the victim of a popular ovation
wherever he goes. That is one of the disadvantages
of public life. A public personage is apt to find himself regarded as public property.

If Lord Rosebery does not speak he is
scolded for his silence. If he speaks he is
scolded for not having said things he was
expected to say. If he writes a book the
captious critic asks what right an ex-Prime
Minister has to indulge in such unfruitful
pastimes. Even his fastidious literary style
has been taken to indicate a character too
queamish for the stern realities of politics.

Little wonder that the modest recipient of
so much unlooked-for public attention evinces
now and then a disposition to bury himself in
the libraries and the gardens that he loves
better than the busy marts of business and
politics.

Orator and Diplomatist.

"Other orators you may hear and forget," says Mr. T. P. O'Connor; "Lord Rosebery always remains a vivid memory, even if you have heard him but once." But Lord Rosebery is not only an orator. He has been our most successful Foreign Secretary since Palmerston. This was in itself a considerable achievement; but an exacting public declaration that Lord Rosebery has been disappointingly unsuccessful in politics since that time. What he ought to do, or to have done, has never been clearly defined, but the ponderous monthly reviews have proved over and over again that his not having come up to their estimation is a fatal bar to his further success. Perhaps the trouble is that Lord Rosebery is in reality too confident. We live in strenuous times, and we like our statesmen to set the pace for us. The philosopher and statesman is a little out of place in a hurried age.

But Lord Rosebery's chief difficulty is with
his own Liberal people. He is an Imperialist,
and, unfortunately, not all Liberals are Im-
perialists. The "Daily News" would be
quite content to see him throw in his lot with
one of Mr. Balfour's many parties. Why any
section of Liberals should be glad to part with
the best asset of contemporary Liberalism is
a mystery, but the fact remains.

The ex-Premier, on the other hand, is
strangely loyal to his early creed. He has
even survived the denunciations of Sir Henry
Campbell-Bannerman. Whether he will sur-
vive the more recent benedictions of the same
remarkable statesman is another matter.
What seems to be certain is that if there is ever
to be another Liberal Prime Minister, Lord
Rosebery is the man.

His Many Homes.

Lord Rosebery is one of the most liberally
housed of our statesmen. Among the more
famous of his homes may be mentioned the
house in Berkeley-square, the Durdans, Ment-
more, and Dalmeny. Deputations waiting
on him to invite his acceptance of the leadership
of the Liberal Party are placed at a dis-
advantage. It is never quite certain at which
of his seats Lord Rosebery is to be found.
The probability is that the object of his
friends' desires is profoundly immersed in the
political history of Pitt and Fox at the very
moment when they suppose him to be arming himself
with arguments against Mr. Cham-

berlain.

Perhaps, like Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Rose-
bery's ambitions are now centred in his eldest
son. Lord Dalmeny is the Liberal candidate
for Mid-Lothian, and no wish can be dearer
to his father's heart than to see him member
of Parliament for Mr. Gladstone's seat.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 21.—The Princess Royal,
first child of Queen Victoria, came
into the world on this day in 1840.

Had ever Queen a more pathetic begin-
ning? whose husband came to the throne to die!
Empress of Germany, Princess Royal of
England, the pomp of high station brought
her little of the satisfaction that she craved,
and we remember—we can, indeed, never
forget!—that remark of infinite pathos
which she made to a friend.

"What," she asked, "is the good of talents
to me, a gentlewoman and a bairn?"
dearings, and strivings? Have I even the
time to have strength enough, with all
these thousand empty, hateful duties of
etiquette, which kill the human soul? And
nourish the property pup in us? And
even if I did accomplish anything great in
art, would anyone believe in it? And could it
not be always brought off with all work
done by others? From Nero down-
ward—what was not done by my own
hands? Oh, what a curse rests on us
royalties; what a curse rests for those who
would like to be human!"



The Rush for Children's Books.

An Extraordinary Demand this Winter.

Design from "Wee Folks' Annual" (Ernest Lister).

THE little nursery people who are all agog this month with thoughts of Santa Claus, from whom they expect so much, are going to be satisfied as surely never were children satisfied before with literary treasures.

Such pictures are ready for them, such stories, such fine large books to contain the pictures and the stories, books over which to sprawl delightedly on the floor, the only really comfortable reading place for any tome of magnitude.

Fathers, mothers, aunts and uncles,

design to meet in society, but will be quite glad to encounter in a picture book. Another book, "A Japanese Fairy Tale," is clearly destined to become a nursery favourite, for the three little ladies, Princess Mala, Princess Sheba, and Princess Anna, are very fair to see; and their adventures with the Remarkable Rabbit, whose portrait will be observed at the top of this page, will be followed with interest.

Throughout the whole of "Rhymes Without Reason," another amusing book from the same source of amusement, penned and pictured by E. M. and M. F. Taylor, there runs a pleasing element of humour which will appeal to the mind of every child. Nonsense verses certainly possess a fascinating charm of their own, and haunt the memory and ear with



His Majesty the Wallypug goes out to tea.

—From "All About the Wallypug" (Raphael Tuck).

brothers, sisters, and the large congregation of unattached persons whose delight it is at Yuletide to go here, there, and everywhere purchasing all sorts of good things for the children, might do well to view the wares offered by Raphael Tuck. "All about the Wallypug" is a subject that every child will want to pursue.

He is an old friend, presented once again by G. E. Farrow in a very highly-coloured form. Our picture on this page discloses him out at tea; his companions excessively curious creatures whom few children would

something of a magnetic spell. The child who reads the history and surveys the illustration respecting "An adventurous person named Hamel, who travelled thousands of miles on a camel," will be sure to see the humour of the situation, seeing that the travellers depended upon birds' eggs for their sustenance all the time. Besides the "Wee Folks Annual," from which the picture of the charming little lass who carries a candle at the top of this page, to illuminate the text, is taken, Messrs. Ernest Lister publish a host of books, specially



An adventurous person named Hamel,
Travelled thousands of miles on a camel.
No provisions he took, but for bird's eggs he'd look,
Which he'd boil for himself and his camel.

—From "Rhymes without Reason" (Raphael Tuck).

designed for children. One called "The Book of Gnomes" depicts the lives of elves, both in and out of mischief, the benevolent influence of the King and Queen of Fairyland (he in armour and she in dainty blue raiment, and both very well equipped in the matter of gauze wings), and the guests who come to the banquet, among them the uninvited ones, whose aspect is, as might be expected, too confident to be pleasant.

Among those naturally-not-asked visitors are the magpie who stole the spoons (what fairy hostess would ask a kleptomaniac bird to a feast), the ladybird who left her house to burn (thoughtless lady), the raven who drove his neighbour mad with his raucous voice (a sure road to lunacy), and the owl

"Who hooted all night and made people dour?"

"I," said the Owl, "for I love to be sour,

And lackaday me! that must be

The reason no one has invited me."

From the artistic home of Dent pours forth highly-attractive and very artistic literature. Every praise is due to "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes," a book that costs the sum of 5s. net; and to "Children of the Village," by Maud Beddington, which costs a like amount.

"Children of the Village" reveals vivid realisations of actual scenes of country life, and is a book that will delight not only the



Princess Anna and the Rabbit.

—(Raphael Tuck).

The "Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks" and the "Daffy-Down-Dilly" pictures are especially delightful and full of real fun.

A circus is a pleasant place, and supposing one could go to such an entertainment and find that all the performers there were dear silly golliwogs, to what heights of bliss one might attain! Messrs. Longmans, with the help of Florence K. Upton and Bertha Upton,



The Golliwog accepts an engagement at the circus.

—From "The Golliwog's Circus" (Longmans, Green and Co.).

little people for whom it is primarily intended, but all who have true sympathy with children. The stories show a real insight into the point of view of the small rustics whose joys and sorrows they interpret, and share the delicate charm of colouring so noticeable in the easel paintings exhibited by Miss Beddington last year at the Woodville Gallery.

In the well-printed and attractive-looking book of old nursery rhymes, gathered together under the title "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes," Miss Maud Chadburn has interpreted, with skill equal to that of Miss Beddington, the characters of many typical little ones—some of low and some of high degree, but all real children full of happiness.

artists and versifiers respectively, are the fairies who transport us to such realms of delight in "The Golliwog's Circus," where the clowns and all the rest of the trapeze performers are very ugly it is true, like all golliwogs, but just golliwogs, than whom no creatures are more charming, nor more truly dear to the denizens of nursery-land.

There are certain hardy annuals that every child looks for at Christmas. "Little Folks" is one of them, and Messrs. Cassell have supplied it as usual, with a very pretty frontispiece, showing a gallant Jack Tar nursing a golden-haired baby on his knee, and obligingly dangling Punchinel, all replete with cap and bells, before him.



The Gnomes play leap-frog.

—From "The Book of Gnomes" (Ernest Lister).

Great Bridge Contest: £150 offered.

In accordance with the suggestions of many correspondents, who have thought that our Tournament might be made more attractive to beginners by the addition of subordinate prizes, the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* have now decided to increase the sum given away by distributing a further

FIFTY POUNDS

in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful candidates. The total sum added as a free gift to the entrance fees is now

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

placing the competition on even a more popular basis than before.

To-day we repeat our FOURTH COUPON, which appeared for the first time yesterday. Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure a copy of yesterday's issue (which contains the three previous coupons), and send all the four in together, *carefully observing the instructions printed below*. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1, 2, and 3, have only to forward the coupon on this page. Those who sent in all four coupons yesterday, with postal order, have nothing further to do.

THE CASH PRIZES.

All the entrance-fees (See Rule 1) will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One Hundred Pounds of this and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into a lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitors who send in the best sets of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided. The remaining FIFTY POUNDS will be distributed in Consolation Prizes.

NO LONG WAITING.

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made.

The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, and the nom de guerre or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.
2. The Tournament is open to both men and women.
3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.
4. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "Daily Mirror Bridge Tournament," and no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed

payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

"Don't you think," asks L.M.P., "that it would be more interesting if we could play out a whole rubber in your Bridge Tournament?"

Some of our correspondents seem to find so many difficulties in playing out the single deals that we should hesitate to impose upon them the burden of a rubber.

MISCELLANEOUS REPLIES.

PISISTRATUS (Rome).—We will allow sufficient extra time for Continental solvers. The coupons can be posted together.

BRIGG.—(1) The weak suit. (2) The suit you do not want led.

E. J. (Wembley).—Only one course of play must be sent with each coupon. See the Rules.

Ernest Bergholt.

Score: Love all. Z deals and declares Diamonds. A leads ♠ K.

Write out in some convenient form (for an example see the "Daily Mirror" of Thursday last) what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make Y Z win extra tricks—to which end you may fairly play the best card of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
Address..... or Initials.....

Jim Dumps, our Sunny Jim, has made
The children glad with his parade;
The grown folks, too, all laughed
to see

The knights of Jim's fraternity.
The whole broad land gains cheer
from him,

And "Force" makes many a
Sunny Jim.



"Force" is good, common-sense food. Health food. Nature's food.

Give it to your baby—he will need no coaxing—he will eat it ravenously.

Give it to your boy. Watch his face. Look at his smile as he begs for more.

Try it yourself and you will understand his smile.

You don't have to cook it—because it is ready to eat.

There's nothing quite like it.

Force

Of all
Grocers 6d.
per
Packet.



THE INFINITY OF FASHIONS.

WHAT TO CHOOSE.

The proverbial little bird has whispered the fact that some of our readers are living in fear that we must with our daily calls upon it eventually exhaust the source of modistic news and novelties. But let such readers console themselves with the thought that the fashions, like everything else, move only too quickly nowadays. A style is hardly here when it has gone—to the regions of the suburbs.

Also the extraordinary diversity of modes which places at the same moment on the same pinnacle of smartness styles which are the antithesis of each other, makes it possible that though we may "hold as 'twere the mirror up to" Fashion every day in the year, something new will be found reflected therein. Add to all this the fact that every smart woman is a fashion law unto herself, and each creates an individual style of her own, and all fear of the supply of new ideas not being equal to the demand is set at rest.

Gowns Galore.

Tailor-mades are one thing, and gowns for reception quite another; and though the former appeal so strongly to our practical and sporting instincts that we sometimes think we should like to adopt them as permanent uniform, yet the beautiful pictorial effects which may be gained by frocks of the frivolous, or rather the ceremonial, persuasion, gain the support of our artistic perceptions, and dissuade us from ever carrying into effect so severe a decision. In fact, to dress well on all occasions now-a-days we *must* at one moment allow a sense of fitness to crush our artistic convictions, and exalt our mere love of comfort and convenience; and the next moment reverse the situation.

A Pictorial Effect.

Writing of pictorial effects recalls a very charming one seen the other day of a dark woman in a gown of black velvet with a flowing skirt, wearing a beautiful white fox and a black hat with a scarlet ostrich feather mount from which sprang an aigrette. While another member of the fair sex made an equally lovely picture in a garment of black cloth with an Eton bodice, having a most artistic vest of pale pink chiffon velvet lightly embroidered with gold, edged with a thick narrow ruff of creamy real lace, and opening over a lace front. This vest disappeared near the neck, but showed a wider expanse as it verged to a couple of points standing out above the waist. There was a little collar going over the coat at the back, also embroidered with gold and edged with a piping of black Astrakhan, under which appeared a repetition of the lace frilling.

A Directoire Style.

This Directoire effect was seen again on a woman with fair hair, who had selected a delicious shade of lemon with silver embroidery for the vest and collar of her sable gown, and had placed a large black plumed hat on her pale gold coiffure. One would feel inclined to exclaim, if custom had not vulgarised the phrase, "There's a picture for you!" for it really was a picture.

A Genuine Novelty.

Mouflon is the foundation of many of the newest hats, both of the toque and the cavalier persuasion. Imagine a toque of green moulion trimmed with white and black grapes and Tangerine oranges; even if the grapes are sour—and they look well unripe—the description must make the mouth of the fashion-lover water. Then, too, think of a blue, vivid as the Atlantic where it washes the shores of Cornwall, trimmed with a thick wreath of green leaves on the one side and of mauve Parma violets on the other. And once again let your imagination play, and this time with the consideration of the charms of a light brown moulion hat garlanded with chestnuts, tied at the back and the front with a knot of bright scarlet velvet ribbons. So much for moulion.

Furs in Favour.

fur is next in favour as the fabric for the hat, and in white with applications of black velvet or brown velvet leaves and a cluster of ostrich feathers to match these at one side, this attire a great success, especially when real lace is permitted to play its decorative part as a scarf round the crown. Real lace is also to be welcomed as a crown to a hat of moleskin, with motifs of lace on the moleskin

Gowns and Gossip.

brim and a coloured cockade of satin ribbon at one side. A whole sable will elegantly stretch its luxuriant length along the upturned brim of a hat of pale blue tulle closely gathered, the finishing touch to this being put by twists of pale blue satin ribbon round the crown, terminating in a rosette at one side of the front where it rests on the hair.

The shading of ostrich feathers is a revival which pleases, and wondrous effects are obtained on felt hats of a dark colour bearing no decoration save two of these set at one side, the tip being light, the base dark, the colours selected at discretion. Truly it may be said, under such circumstances, "fine feathers make fine hats." The last word in shapes thus treated is spoken by a completely round turban in soft felt; this is not exactly the old pork pie, for the crown and brim are not set closely together, but still in a way it is reminiscent of this.

Silk Beaver Hats a Veritable Craze.

Of the silk beaver hats—legion in the land just now—two models are mainly noteworthy,

the three-cornered shape bound with braid and trimmed at one side with an owl's head, and the undulating-brimmed cavalier in black with broad band of silver encircling its indented crown, showing a white feather at one side. Pinero might be urged to bring his old dictum up to date, "If you have a good heart you should wear a good hat"; it is a question now more of mart than heart.

Muskrat Skins.

There is an immense amount of loure (otter) used by the smartest dressmakers and tailors, but it is frankly confessed that a proportion of this, and a very good looking proportion, is only muskrat. The manufacture of this imitation otter from the underside of muskrat skins, the cleaning, cutting, dyeing, etc., is quite a French industry. The beautiful chestnut colour of this fur is very becoming, and, combined with brown velvet, brown passementerie and écrù guipure, make very handsome accessories quite good enough at a time when it is almost necessary to have a stole and muff for every costume.



MODES FROM PARIS.

SOME FRENCH FANCIES.

DURING the few hours that Princesse Louise of Saxony spent in Paris she found time, like any pretty woman and young mother with less tragic happenings on her mind, to make some feminine purchases. The Princesse stopped at the hotel of the Comtesse de Saint Victor on the Rue du Bac, one of the few remaining mansions on this busy and historic street that are still in the hands of the aristocracy. From its portals the Princesse made a rapid raid upon a great shop near by, and carried off a number of charming things, among them a child's bonnet of white mousse-line de soie, puffed obliquely across the back of the head, and with wheels of tiny shirtings at the right side of the top and the left side of the bottom edge. On each side of the face there were winglike puffs lightly wired to stand out, and at the top there was a pouf of tiny ostrich tips. A veil of applique lace, gathered on a ribbon run through a lace beading, completed this bonnet.

A Sweet Suggestion.

A child's coat was of quilted white satin covered with a double cape of tucked white mousse-line de soie, inset with motifs of Irish lace, and edged with thick fluffy mousse-line ruches. About the neck and shoulders there were tiny lines of pure white ermine mingling with the mousse-line ruches, so that, with lace and diminutive plumes and milk white fur and cobwebby chiffon, the downiest of nests was provided as though for a fairy child.

Worn by a Mondaine.

A Parisienne mondaine just out from her deepest mourning is appearing on subscription nights at the Opera in quite the most chic of black gowns with rich jet jewels. Last Monday she wore a creation of black mousse-line de soie heavily embroidered in white jet upon the hem and the corsage, while the unlined sleeves of white tulle were shirred from shoulder to hand, swelling at the elbow and lightly run with wires. They opened all the way down at the back to allow a drapery of white tulle to gush forth, pleated the whole length from shoulder to elbow, and coming narrower below. Her necklace and tiara were of cut jet of a very delicate and brilliant design, drops of pearl-shaped jets and a sprinkling of rhinestones lightening the effect.

On another evening she wore a dog-collar of small jets with rhinestone slides, and two rosettes on her hair—one on each side of her head—of a gauzy fabric, very finely wired at the edges, which were traced with brilliants, thus forming most effective ornaments in her ruddy coiffure. A long, twisted rope of fine jets finished with tassels was thrown about her neck, its ends falling upon her gown of black crépe de Chine, the many gauged flounces of which were bordered with rich Grecian bands in large jet beads. About her shoulders was thrown a long Directoire scarf of black tulle entirely untrimmed, its crisp folds and floating ends enveloping the figure in a dark mist that was most fascinating.

Large, soft bags of black steel links with jet fringes, and drawn up on black steel chains, are very decorative, and hold so many things an important consideration this winter. The mondaine has come to be laden down with such a lot of little trifles when she goes out, without which she once managed to get along very nicely, that she has absolutely need of a reticule capable of holding them. Those sacs in kid, in brocade, in old tapestry or headwear, or in gold-links, are quite large enough this season to serve as travelling handbags, were they less richly made.

Jet the Vague Again.

The excessive use of jet jewellery makes it advisable that people know how to take care of it, for this beautiful black mineral is very fragile. The jewels or passementerie should be lightly brushed first with a soft camel's-hair brush, then a little wad of cotton passed over the surface of the jets saturated in either poppy or olive oil, finally polishing with a piece of chamois skin.

The jet dog-collars are particularly attractive. Moreover, they fill that want which is felt for something to complete the neck of a demi-toilette; being smarter than a collarless effect and more dressy than a high band.



LOVELY RECEPTION TEA GOWN.

The underdress of white mousse-line de soie falls in soft folds direct from a clear lace collar band, and is held to the figure by an artistic drapery of pink mousse-line de soie, with cream lace, and heavier applications of black lace about the hem; these latter finding tasteful repetition in a long shouldered cape effect over the shoulders.



MINCE PIES AND PLUM PUDDINGS.

WHEN Christmas comes it brings good cheer—very true, and without doubt Christmas is coming, and very quickly. Therefore, it behoves all self-respecting housewives to set the operations of plum pudding, mince pie, and cake making in full swing.

We hear on all sides that it is a matter-of-fact age, and most of all that we are a matter-of-fact race. Still there is even yet a certain amount of fascination in keeping up the old-time practices of our forefathers, and it is with a pang of regret that we note how very many quaint customs and little family ceremonials are fading out.

What romance is there about ready-made puddings, cakes, and mincemeat sold at so much per pound? For the benefit of those still alive to their domestic duties, or others whose feelings or consciences I may have touched or roused, I append a few recipes for the most orthodox dainties for the Yule Tide season.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a quarter pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound each of butter, brown sugar, currants, mixed peel, sultanas, and dried glace cherries, six ounces of sweet almonds, eight eggs, a pint of sherry, a quarter of a pint of an ounce of cinnamon, grated nutmeg, powdered cloves, and baking spice, the grated rind of two oranges, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a gill of caramel if liked.

For the ROYAL ICING.—Three pounds of icing sugar, the juice of two lemons, the whites of eight eggs.

For the BOILED ICING.—Three pounds of loaf sugar, one and a half pints of boiling water, a little lemon juice.

TO MAKE THE CAKE:

Put the butter and sugar into a large basin and beat with your hand or with a wooden spoon until it is soft and creamy. Next break each egg into a cup separately to make sure each is good then add them to the butter and sugar, beating them well in. Chop the peel coarsely, cut the cherries in halves, skin the almonds and shred them finely, and clean and stalk the currants and sultanas.

Mix all the fruit together on a plate with the grated orange rind, add the sherry, a pint of water, flour and salt, then add them lightly to the butter and sugar. Now add the mixed fruit and spices, and lastly the brandy and caramel. Have ready a large cake tin lined with three layers of buttered paper. Put the mixture into it. Place the tin on a layer of sand and bake carefully for about three hours in a moderate oven. When baked allow the cake to get cold, then wrap it up in grease-proof paper and put it away in a warm, dry cupboard to mellow and darken; leave it there until a few days before Christmas, when it must be used.

TO MAKE THE ALMOND ICING:

Put the ground almonds and sugar in a basin and mix them well, then add enough lemon juice, orange-flower water, and vanilla to well flavour them. Next whisk in the egg white, sift in the flour, and add enough to the mixture to make it into a stiff paste. Then spread this almond icing over the cake, dipping your knife into hot water; it will then be easier to spread it on smoothly.

Preparations for Christmas.

TO MAKE THE ROYAL ICING:

Rub the sugar through a hair sieve. Strain into it the lemon juice. Then whisk stiffly the whites of the eggs, add some of these to the lemon juice and stir into the sugar with a wooden spoon. Keep adding white of egg till all the sugar is worked in. Then beat it for ten minutes, this makes it whiter. Lastly spread a layer of this icing all over the cake; when this is dry spread on a second layer, and if liked a third.

TO MAKE THE BOILED ICING:

Put the sugar, water, and lemon juice into a clean pan and let it boil fast, skimming it well, till the syrup forms a thread when it is dropped from the spoon. Then pour it into a basin and beat it well with a wooden spoon till it gets thick and white, then spread a layer of this icing all over the cake; when this is dry spread on a second layer, and if liked a third.

When this icing is set ornament the cake with royal icing, passed through a forcing bag, and decorate with crystallized fruit or flower petals.

Cost about 12s.

PLUM PUDDINGS.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pounds of finely-chopped beef suet, half a pound of fresh bread crumbs, half a pound of glace cherries, halved; six ounces of flour, one pound of stoned and finely-chopped raisins, one ounce each of cleaned sultanas, a quarter of a pound of candied peel, Demerara sugar, six ounces of chopped almonds, one grated nutmeg, one ounce of apple grating, a quarter of a pound of candied peel, the rind and juice of three lemons, two pounds of Wellington apples grated, one and a half ounces of chopped glace cherries, a quarter of a pint of wine, ten beaten eggs, one gill of port wine, one gill of brandy.

Mix all the dry ingredients together. Beat up the eggs, add them to the brandy and port wine, and pour these over the other ingredients. Put the mixture into well greased moulds or sealed cloths, and boil twelve hours.

Cost 7s. 6d. for about eleven pounds.

MINCEMEAT.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of beef suet, one and a half pounds of suet, one pint of raisins, one pound of chopped muscatels, one and a half pounds of currants, two pounds of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of candied orange and lemon peel, quarter of a pound of citron, quarter of a pound of mace, four powdered cloves, the rind and juice of three lemons, two pounds of Wellington apples grated, one and a half ounces of chopped glace cherries, a quarter of a pint of wine, one gill of port wine, one gill of brandy.

Cook the suet finely, add to it the fruit, spices, sugar, and lemon juice. Mix all well together, then stir in the wine and brandy.

Press the mincemeat into clean, dry jars, and cover with parchment paper.

Cost 6s. 9d. for eleven pounds.

PRIZE RECIPE AWARD.

We award the prize of £1 1s. for the best cookery recipe this week to

Mrs. A. E. WRAGG,

Edensor, Bakewell,

for the recipe of the far-famed Bakewell pudding of the north.

BAKEWELL PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS:—Quarter pound puff paste, quarter pound strawberry jam, half ounce candied lemon-peel, quarter pound butter, quarter pound powdered lump sugar, four yolks and one white of egg, few drops of essence of almonds for flavouring. Line three medium-sized tart tins with puff paste, fill with jam, cover with a layer of jam. Cut up the peel finely and place on the jam. Melt the butter, and add sugar, eggs beaten, and flavouring. Lay the mixture on the tarts. Bake in a quick oven, and when cold sprinkle with a small quantity of castor sugar. Cost 1s. 2d.

TO MAKE THE OYSTERS BAKED IN THEIR SHELLS.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

NO. 53.—COD'S ROE CUTLETS.

INGREDIENTS:—One cod's roe, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half a tablespoonful of salt, one egg, bread crumbs.

Put the roe into a pan of salted boiling water and cook it for five minutes. Then take it out and put it into cold water for a few minutes. To this water add the vinegar and salt, and boil it for three or four minutes. Then let it drain well and get cold. Next cut it into slices about half an inch thick, trim them neatly; brush them over with beaten egg and cover them with crumbs. Fry them in boiling fat a pretty brown. Drain them well.

Cost 1s. 6d. for twelve portions.

NO. 56.—SEMOLINA AND FISH FRITTERS

INGREDIENTS:—Ten ounces of semolina, white sauce, two dozen prawns, salt and pepper.

Boil the semolina in enough boiling milk to make it into a paste. Let it get cold, then roll it out to the thickness of a finger of a man's hand. Line twelve fancy tartlet moulds with some of this paste. Chop the prawns coarsely and moisten them with some good white sauce, season it nicely with salt and pepper, and fill in the cases with the mixture. Cover each case with a lid of the semolina paste, wetting the edges and pressing them together. Brush them over with beaten egg, cover them with bread crumbs, and fry a golden brown, garnish the dish with fried parsley.

Cost 2s. 4d. for twelve portions.

NO. 57.—RECCLES CAKES.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half ounces of butter, one and a half ounces of Demerara sugar, three ounces of currants, two ounces of peel, a little grated nutmeg, half a pound of puff or flaky pastry.

Melt the butter in a saucépan. Add to it the sugar, and stir over the fire till it is melted. Next put in the currants, chopped peel, and nutmeg. Mix all together.

Roll out the pastry to the thickness of quarter of an inch, cut it into rounds the size of the top of a breakfast cup. Put a large tablespoonful of the mixture in the middle of each round of pastry, wet the edges, and pinch them together over the top. Turn the edges down to the board, and roll the cake out again till the current shows through the pastry. Make a short end of the current show through the pastry, but not right through. Brush the edges over with cold water, and dust them with castor sugar. Bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes.

Cost 10d. for sixteen cakes.

NO. 58.—OYSTERS BAKED IN THEIR SHELLS.

INGREDIENTS:—One dozen oysters, one raw egg, two tablespoonsfuls of white bread crumbs, about one teaspoonful of butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, quarter of a lemon.

After opening the oysters remove the "beards" or fringes. Dip each oyster in the beaten egg and cover it with some of the crumbs which have first been seasoned by the addition of salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Remove the oysters from their deep shells; put a tiny piece of bacon in the top of each. Bake them in a quick oven till a pale brown. Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on each, and serve immediately in the shells.

Cost 1s. 9d. for twelve portions.

NO. 59.—QUAILS A LA MARSEILLAISE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two quails, two ounces of butter, half a pound of sausage meat, two eggs, bread crumbs.

Bone the quails. Cut each bird in half, leaving on the legs. Sprinkle each joint with salt and pepper. Melt the butter in a sauté pan, put the halves of quail into the pan, cut side downwards, and fry them about five minutes. Then lift them out, put them between two plates, and press them lightly till they are cold.

Kub the sausage meat through a wire sieve, season it well, and work one beaten egg into it. Spread a thin layer of this mixture over each side of the halved quails, making them look a neat shape by smoothing them carefully with a knife dipped in warm water.

Next baste each joint over with egg and cover it with bread crumbs. Put the quails back into the pan, and fry them about five minutes. Then lift them out, put them between two plates, and press them lightly till they are cold.

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Women's Parliament.

THE FATE OF NELSON'S FLAGSHIP.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

Permit me to say a few words on the suggestions made in your yesterday's issue with regard to the disposal of Nelson's old flagship. Surely some better method of removing the famous Victory from Portsmouth could be found. There is ample space about London where the old flagship could be partly sunk into the ground, and a small sum charged for inspection of her, while a custodian could be found in the person of some old "Jack Tar."

Would it not prove an admirable object lesson to the coming generation to have Nelson's flagship where it could easily be seen, and for this purpose London appears to be the most suitable place.

The suggestion of an "Admiral's Daughter" to found a museum for Nelson relics is an admirable one, but whatever is done, it would be a sacrifice to let the famous old ship be consigned to the bottom of the sea.

A SAILOR'S SISTER.

"SPIDER WAISTS."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I read with great interest the letter on "Spider Waists," and although I am only a man I should like to be allowed to differ from your correspondent "Figure."

In order that your readers may not accuse me of talking on a subject of which I know nothing I will make a confession.

Having read a good deal on the subject of tight-lacing I determined about two years ago to try for myself whether the practice is as harmful as its opponents make out. Accordingly I bought a good corset, and although my natural waist was 28 inches, I had no difficulty in lacing to 21 inches. I can now wear a 19-inch corset with perfect ease for any length of time, and can wear an 18-inch corset for several hours at a stretch. I have never felt the slightest ill-effect from my experiments.

Provided the corset be well cut and suitable to the wearer, and that the waist is reduced

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XIX. Continued.

THE Colonel swung round and strode across the room to the window. If Martia had seen his face at that moment, she would have seen what none had ever seen on Paul Joscelyn's face before—fear. But, when a few moments afterwards, he turned again, and looked at her, it wore its habitual mask of grim, unemotional stolidity.

He sat down very deliberately and coughed. She watched him helplessly.

"Mrs. Chesney," he said, very gravely, "I do not know whether you mean what you say. It seems to me incredible that you should be so lacking in ordinary perception. But, what you have said has made it imperative for me to speak very plainly—very plainly, you understand. There must be no mistaking my meaning." She bowed her head and brushed her white, trembling hands across her tired eyes. "If you do anything so unwise, so inconceivably foolish, as to breathe a word of the events of that night, you will not only bring ruin and disgrace upon yourself, but upon your husband, poor old Sir John Chesney, and your family, but—now listen to me, and clearly understand what I mean—you will not only do these things, but you will bring disgrace upon me, and upon my commission, and upon my regiment!" And, let me tell you plainly, Mrs. Chesney, I forbid you to do anything of the sort. I deserve it, I know. I hope," he added, grimly, "that if you choose to take this mad course, I shall know how to act; but I put it to you that I have done the best in my power to atone for a great wrong I did you, and—well, I do not deserve to be betrayed now. If not for my sake, Mrs. Chesney, let me beg you to think of my uniform—the regiment."

She stared at him wildly. She only half understood what he meant. "Colonel Joscelyn," she murmured in her throat, "what do you mean?"

"It is no time for mincing matters," he retorted, in the same level, monotonous voice that half-hypnotised her. "You and I got

gradually, it is possible for anyone to acquire an extremely small waist without injury to the health.

EXPERIMENT.

HUMBUG ABOUT WOMEN'S LECTURES.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Frivila's accusation that women go to lectures out of mere curiosity is futile. We have long outgrown the tradition that curiosity is a monopoly of a feminist combine.

Moreover, Frivila's anecdote about the man who wanted to hear Lord Rosebery speak is, to my feminine, if illogical, mind, clear evidence that men when they go to a lecture require the bait, notoriety, just as much as women do. That they do not respond as abundantly as women do to the lecture bait arises merely from the fact that more attractive morsels are within their reach, and, being human, they take the best.

Women attend lectures in overwhelming numbers, first, because they are numerically the strongest factor in the population; secondly, because lectures form one of the few amusements to which they may go unattended. Witness the feminine element in matinée audiences.

It is all very well for Frivila to assert that the average woman only carries away frocks and frills from a lecture. Her experience has been unfortunate.

I am willing to stake much on this assertion, that a woman is more likely to retain the main ideas plus the picturesque trimmings in her mind than is the average man.

Barnet.

L. G. S.

SHOULD CHILDREN'S EDUCATION BE RELIGIOUS?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The number of people who would be satisfied by the prohibition of all religious teaching in schools is relatively very small indeed, if under the head of "religious teaching" be included Bible-reading and "opening prayers."

This small minority is entitled to express its

into a mess, and we got out of it. I did my best; you did yours. That's the end of it, unless—unless you are so incredibly unwise as to rake the whole affair up again."

"But I only want to save you from this vile suspicion."

"Pshaw! Don't you think it better to put up with the little-tattle of a few tea parties for a month or two than to be arrested for complicity in the murder of a man, to be blazoned forth to the world as a woman who—but why should we anticipate such a wild improbability? Come, Mrs. Chesney, you won't punish me like that? Oh, I do not wish to defend myself; I know that I deserve any disgrace, any ignominy; but I cannot contemplate that. I behaved like a cad. It is I who am responsible, and I who should be punished; but can't you see that if you go and make this thing public, I shall not be the only one involved? What would they say of a man—a man placed in such a position as I was—who lured the wife of one of his subalterns to his rooms late at night, and let her be grossly insulted by a man who was his friend, who—"

"Don't, don't! For pity's sake, Colonel Joscelyn!"

"You have forced me to say these things, Mrs. Chesney. The whole sorry business would be buried for ever, but for you."

The woman had commenced to sob hysterically. She was utterly unstrung.

"Be merciful, Colonel Joscelyn," she moaned pitifully. "You cannot understand! How can you understand?"

A great wave of pity swept across his face. "Yes," he said, in softer tones, "but I think I do understand, and that is why I am talking to you like this. It is I, Mrs. Chesney, who should ask for mercy. It is I who am pleading with you to let me live respected by my fellows a little longer in a very pleasant world. If you carry out your threat—"

"Oh, no, no! I did not think of it in that way," she cried, excitedly. "I only thought of you. I—oh, I don't know what I thought. You make it all so hard. And they are driving you out of the Army."

"What an absurd idea that is that you have got into your mind," he interrupted. "Please don't let it stay there another moment. No one is driving me from the Army. I leave of my own accord, to follow my own inclinations. A man can't soldier all his days. I have other interests, and—and, well, I am tired, and want a rest."

She looked at him incredulously.

"You mean that, if this thing had never been, you would have retired?"

"I'm sure I can't go into remote hypothesis, Mrs. Chesney," he replied, quickly; "but the thing is done." I am going to leave the Army, and I have plenty of other interests. Indeed, he exclaimed, with one of his rare smiles that did more than anything else to dispel her suspicion. "I am looking forward to my holiday. A man gets tired of the eternal routine

views, and to have them answered, to work for their realisation by all legitimate means; but for the immediate purpose of this article they need but brief consideration. The experience of a single-woman, even if she had reached the age of fourscore, and were of infinite ability, would, of course, be far too small to form the basis of an argument on so large a question. Yet, as bearing on the evidence, it may be remarked that never in this country or in Australia has the writer met a parent of children in State-provided schools who was not strongly in favour of religious teaching.

In the Colony of Victoria, before "permissive" religious instruction was re-introduced, many working people deplored most bitterly the irreligious atmosphere in which the boys and girls were growing up, and which Sunday-school alone was quite powerless to deal with.

On one point little doubt can be entertained by those who have lived in close contact with the youth of a community thus educated.

The loss of spirituality, and reverence for all things good, pure, honest, and of good report—of appreciation for what is noble, irrespective of whether it pays well or not, is a loss of well-nigh incalculable importance.

And this effect was extremely marked in the youth of Victoria, and deeply deplored by the best men and women of the Colony.

Earl's Court, S.W. J. R. CHITTY.

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Continued on Page 14.

Continued from Page 13.

cut out and wants reinforcements. Of course, you've read about it in the papers? It has been the native troops up to date; but it has got beyond them, as all serious rows are bound to."

Martia had become very white. For the first few moments she only thought of Philip—Philip, who was ordered to the front. Her thoughts were full of horrors, of wounds and death. She did not think of anything but the danger and the casualty lists. She looked up into the Colonel's eyes with an expression of dumb appeal.

"I—I did not know," she said.

"It's a good thing for your husband," he said cheerily. "It'll do him worlds of good."

"W—when did you say that you—are leaving?" she stammered. She had suddenly become icy cold, and her teeth were chattering.

The Colonel winced ever so slightly. "I? Oh, I am not going this time," he answered, and his voice was a little hoarse.

"You are not going? You? Oh, I understand." Her voice trailed off into a hard, little sobbing laugh.

"No," he said, smiling grimly, "I am no longer a soldier, you know."

And the look she saw in his grey eyes at that moment haunted her long afterwards.

CHAPTER XX.

PHILIP Chesney had heard the news, and received a telegraphic communication from his adjutant the first thing that morning, and the result had been that he had hurried down to Torhampton by the earliest available train, leaving his father in London. This would mean an alteration of all arrangements.

He had received the news with mingled feelings of joy and apprehension, joy at the prospect of active service, of a chance of doing something, of attaining distinction and all the other possibilities of war. At first he thought only of these things with a glow of triumph; he saw promotion, himself mentioned in dispatches, his return covered in honours and glory, which were not to be found in Torhampton. But this state of mind was but transitory, for there were other thoughts which came to him, disturbing fears, haunting apprehension. He would leave England as Philip Chesney; but who knew as what he might return? His father's memory might come back to him. Sir John might make his great confession, and Martia would be alone, with none to stand by her in that hour of dire humiliation and disgrace. Somehow or other the danger did not seem so great or so imminent while he was there to keep watch and guard over his father. Then he remembered, with a curious sense of fear, that the news of his departure, when communicated to Sir John, might act as a kind of mental shock, and Dr. Forbes had several times remarked that sometimes a great shock, or a severe access of feeling often had the effect of bringing about a great revolution in a mind so peculiarly disorganized as Sir John's. Suppose that when the old man heard that his son was going away, that cloud that hovered over his brain was dissipated, and he remembered the thing that he so wanted to do. It was an unnerving possibility, and it was with fear and trembling that Philip entered his father's bedroom that morning to apprise him of the news.

The ordeal had to be undergone, and the young man lost no time. Sir John was awake. He was much better; indeed, every day now, wrought a most marked improvement in the baronet's condition.

"Well, my boy," he said, with something of his old cheeriness, "have you decided which train we take to Torhampton?"

"I don't think you'd better go down to-day, sir," replied Philip, with an effort at controlling his nervousness. "I've just received orders to join the regiment at once. We are ordered to India."

"Ordered to India?" exclaimed Sir John, raising himself with difficulty. "Why? When? This is surely unexpected."

"Yes, sir. It's this trouble on the frontier. We are to join Pelham at the front. It's a great thing for us."

Sir John was silent. For a few seconds Philip watched him with intense anxiety. The old man sighed and held out his hand.

"Yes, my boy, it's a great thing. For your sake, I'm glad. Yes—it's a great thing. Give me your hand, Philip! God bless you, boy, and guard you and keep you from all harm, and bring you home safely again!"

Philip's heart gave a great bound of utterable relief. The crisis was passed. His father had taken it well, bravely, like a Chesney? God in Heaven, what a mockery it was!

And so it had been arranged between them that Sir John should remain in London until Philip had left, and Philip had gone down to Torhampton.

On the journey down his fears faded and gave place to the first exhilarating sense of excitement and anticipation. The blood coursed hotly in his veins, the war fever was on him. He had felt like that once before when, as a raw youngster fresh from Sandhurst, he had been sent out to join his regiment at Wady Hafsa during the last Soudan campaign. It was then that he had received his baptism of fire.

He had not wired to Martia, because he did not want to unnecessarily alarm her. He preferred to tell her the news himself. Poor little girl, it was hard lines for her; but he knew he could rely on her standing by him. They had often spoken of the possibility of such a separation, though they had little expected it to come so suddenly, and so soon.

At the London railway station he purchased a lot of newspapers, and greedily devoured them for all news of Pelham's campaign. There had been questions in the House of Commons the previous night, and the casualty list of the last skirmish was disproportionately large. He read of the death of two men who were at Sandhurst with him, and winced. Then he saw something else, which seemed too extraordinarily incredible for belief. He read the short announcement again and again.

"The King has accepted Lieutenant-Colonel P. J. Joscelyn's resignation of his command of the 22nd Hussars, at present stationed at Torhampton. Colonel Humphrey Dennisson, C.B., will succeed him in command of the regiment, and proceed with it to India on Saturday. Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Joscelyn, V.C., D.S.O., will go on to the Retired List from yesterday, with the rank of Colonel."

The 22nd Hussars without Joscelyn! It was inconceivable. And, on the very eve of war! Joscelyn, a man who could have had another fifteen or twenty years' service, a man who commanded a regiment at an age when the majority of men are commanding a troop. What did it mean? There was something implied between the lines. This was no ordinary "Gazette." Joscelyn retire at forty? It was the greatest surprise of that day of surprises; and for the rest of the journey Philip could think of nothing else.

It was not until he reached Torhampton, and was driving swiftly in one of the few ramshackle hansom cabs of which the town boasted, that he awakened to the fact that Martia would be at the Cottage, and that he was in all probability about to encounter a "scene." After all, the Colonel's retirement was as nothing compared to the regiment's orders.

Martia was in the garden when he drove up, and she came to meet him. If he had not been so excited, he might have noticed that she was very white, and that there was a strange look in her eyes.

"Martia," he cried, "have you heard the news?"

"Yes," she said. "What luck, isn't it? We've got a chance at last. We go on Saturday." He spoke more cheerfully than was necessary under the circumstances.

"Yes," said Martia, quietly, as she forced a tryste of a smile into her wan, haggard face. "I am glad for your sake, Philip."

"Think of it," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, as they passed into the house; and then grew grave as she turned to him with a sudden abandon. "Oh, Philip, you will be careful, you will take care of yourself!"

"Foolish little woman," he laughed. "I believe you're nervous. Why, Martia, I—my God, what's the matter?"

The matter was that she had fainted, and he caught her in his arms just in time to save her from falling to the ground.

That was the only time Martia Chesney gave

any clue as to what she felt. When, a few minutes afterwards, she came to herself again, it was to smile bravely into her husband's face, and to busy herself with the thousand and one things to be done before Saturday. She was a soldier's wife, and she did not fail in courage, and perchance the battles she had to fight were far harder than his.

She took it bravely; she laughed and made plans for the future, joked about the hardships that lay before him, and made all sorts of funny suggestions. Indeed, during the few days that followed, she lived in a state of rare high spirits, and Philip, though at first he called her a "brick," began to have curious doubts, doubts that caused him the most acute mental discomfort. It actually seemed as if Martia were glad to get rid of him. He had looked to her to be brave, to keep her feelings under control; but he had not expected that she would act and talk of his departure for the war as if he were going for a tour on the Continent, or a few weeks' shooting in Scotland.

"Never saw anyone bear up so well as Mrs. Chesney," he overheard a man remark. "By jove, I wish all our womankind were like her!"

"She's the pluckiest little woman I've ever met," said the Major to his wife, who was going about with red eyes and a pathetic smile that made her husband wish she would break down, and have done with it once and for all, for there is a kind of smile that is worse than tears.

Philip was really too busy and too much occupied with extra duty and visits to London to see very much of Martia in the daytime; but they spent their evenings together, packing up and making lists of things and writing letters and going over directions to be given to this person and that, and more particularly in regard to the ever-present question of the mountain of debt which he was leaving behind for her to battle with alone.

There were consultations with his lawyers, and a will to be made, and a hundred minor matters of business; and over it all Martia laughed merrily, making light of seemingly tragic difficulties. She was going to live very quietly while he was away, and save every penny, so that when he came back the mountain of debt would be an insignificant little mole-hill. She should not go out anywhere. She would simply spend her time reading the newspapers and writing him picture postcards. It had been arranged that the Cottage should be shut up, or let furnished, if a tenant could be found, and she was to stay with Sir John Chesney until Philip came back. It was always that—until he came back. What did anything matter in the meantime?

She would like to have gone out to India with the regiment, like the Major's wife and several of the other women; but Sir John was the difficulty. He must not be left. And then, as she gaily explained to Philip, who was unreasonably anxious that she should accompany him, his father's health notwithstanding, she would in reality be nearer to him in London than in Simla, and get news of him just as quickly and far more dependably. If the regiment were to be stationed at Secunderabad later on, as it was rumoured, why, of course, she would go out and take Sir John with her. Nothing should stop her. But now he was going into some wild mountain fastness on the Afghan border, and she would not be able to be anywhere near him, so she would be much better at home, and it would save a heap of money.

On the day before they were both to leave Torhampton for London Philip was at the barracks, attending to a few private affairs.

A sort of lethargy had come over Martia. She seemed to be incapable of feeling anything very keenly. It was as if her mind and nerve centres had been drugged and dulled. Philip was going to leave her. God knew, she loved him now with a greater intensity and passion than ever, and the thought of separation from him was to her as the fear of hell.

She kept up the mocking farce of calmness out of sheer self-respect. She could not break down now.

She was sitting alone in the small, unkempt garden of the cottage, trying to drown her thoughts in the perusal of one of the novels which had come down from London that morning, when Lady Claudia Waynefleet opened the gate.

"I've come here for sanctuary," she said, with a hard little laugh. "There's been a

fearful row, and I couldn't stand it any longer."

"What's the matter?" asked Martia.

"It's about Verulam, of course. He sails with the regiment on Saturday, and they want me to marry him before he goes."

"And you?"

"Refused."

"I am glad," said Martia.

"Do you think I did right?" asked Claudia, linking her arm in Martia's, as the two walked into the house.

"How can I say? Surely you must judge."

"If I'd married him now," exclaimed Claudia, hotly, "I should have prayed that he would never come back from India. Oh, I know you think that's very wicked, Martia; but I could not help it. So I refused, and—well, here I am. Jacqueline is mad!"

* * *

The next morning Philip and Martia went to London, and at once drove to Sir John Chesney's house in Chelsea.

They had talked very little on the journey, although they had both of them very much to say.

Philip had bade good-bye to Lord Clowes and to Lady Dexter and her daughters, as well as to all his other friends and acquaintances in the neighbourhood of Torhampton. Everything was ready for his departure, and nothing now remained but for him to take final leave of his father.

He looked, as indeed he was, tired and weary. During the past three or four days he had not had a moment's rest, either of mind or body. Had it not been for one thing, he would have looked forward with relief to the period of forced rest which was about to be imposed upon him on board the P. & O. liner, which sailed the next day; but that one thing haunted him like a spectre night and day, and the nervous dread of it increased as the hour of his departure drew nearer and nearer.

He was going away—for no one knew how long, and he was not so blind as to fail to realize that there was a possibility of his never returning—and he was leaving his father behind, with his secret. Any moment Sir John might recover his memory. And what then? Would he carry out his intention, and so bring rest to his troubled soul? It was a possibility that Philip dared not think of, lest it should drive him to madness, to cowardice.

To be Continued on Monday.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

NOT A MATCH.

Kitty, sweet and seventeen,
Pulls my hair, and calls me
"Harry";
Hints that I am young and green,
Wonders if I wish to marry.
Only tell me what reply
Is the best reply for Kitty?
She's but seventeen—and I—
I am forty—more's the pity.
Twice at least my Kitty's age
(Just a trifler over, maybe)—
I am sober, I am sage;
Kitty nothing but a baby.
She is merriment and mirth,
I am wise and gravely witty;
She's the dearest thing on earth,
I am forty—more's the pity.
She adores me pretty rhymes,
Calls me "poet" when I write
them;
And she listens oftentimes
Half an hour when I recite them.
Let me scribble by the page
Sonnet, ode, or lover's ditty;
Seventeen is Kitty's age—
I am forty—more's the pity.

Henry S. Leigh.

ing daily more clear, should be blotted out instantaneously and finally by physical death, that the going on from strength to strength should be arrested at its start, is insupportable.

But Nature warns us not to trust to appearances. To the ancients the ocean appeared barren; our explorations have taught us that even its abysses swarm with life, and that acre for acre it can produce a more valuable crop than earth. To the child the hedgerow in winter seems to have lost its life; we show it how apparent death is but a pause, a hibernation, and a rest. Leaves and blossoms are forming under the scales, the winter leaves, of the elm; the soil is full of pupae living and progressing in development, and only waiting for the spring to arise in more beautiful form with higher powers.

The first man may have shuddered and wailed over the first sunset; but after a brief night of sorrow and fear restored to the blessing of material light, he beheld the resurrection of what was not only Light but the source of light, and the promise that darkness should flee away. Enough. There is no department of natural history that would not supply a text from which to expound the thesis that seeming death is but the way to a fuller life.

DAILY MIRROR
SERMONETTE.
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTED TO THIS
PAPER.

By the Rev. Canon HORSEY.

"The mortal must put on immortality." 1 Cor. xv. 33

IMMORTALITY! It is a word that makes a silence in our souls, whether that hush be fear-begotten or the child of peace. In its consideration we stand agast before what are not merely magnificent possibilities, but the stupendous certainties of our life, and wonder at the fibre of our spirit, which can endure the everlasting burnings of the Presence and Vision of God, whether His fire be felt as love or wrath. But such a faith is a necessity.

The universal heart of man revolts against the idea of death. Only in the aberration and infidelity of despair can we accept death as a solution to the riddle of existence. The heart that has loved will not believe the loved are dead, nor that its interest in them, or theirs in those they have left behind, is broken. To this points all the group of legends concerning some hero or benefactor sleeping until

he is again demanded by some crisis in the affairs of the land he loved. Arthur shall come again from Avalon, was the British expression of this heart-cry. And especially vivid is this instinct with regard to the good. The good, not merely their good, cannot die, says the voice of natural religion.

Considering the Christ only as man, one of His disciples is compelled to burst out, "It was not possible that He should be *held* of death," when he has seen and recalls His unceasing doing of good. His pure unselfishness and amazing humility, when selfishness and pride, in some form or degree, are just the sins that are found in all, and never were more dominant than in what we now call the first century. Such an one to be extinct at the age of thirty-three! It is not possible or thinkable, cries St. Peter. And St. Paul, drawing inspiration from a hidden mystery of nature, notes that the body of a grain of wheat necessarily decays, but the vital germ remains. Why should it be otherwise in man? is his philosophic conclusion.

Are intimations of Immortality to be found in Nature, in God's Green Bible, the pages of which are legible to the unlettered? To the hasty first glance it might seem that Nature negated Immortality. "Change and decay in all around I see." Raise but three atoms of

soil from the mountain's side. One proceeds from the dust of what was once a chamois full of life, another comes from a withered narcissus neither fragrant nor beautiful nor visible now, while the third once formed part of the proud crest of the mountain which ever shivers to its death.

Races survive, but individuals perish. But then our second thought reminds us that we think. The cedar on the flanks of Lebanon had, like Hiram's woodman, its birth and growth, and both were created for a certain end. The cedar lived its life, attained its perfection, and then had nothing more to do. Its powers were fully developed, it has no hidden capacities for a higher life. But the woodman had a mind whose work need never cease, whose capacity was never exhausted, a mind which could bring forth more fruit in old age.

To the tree itself destruction brings no grief, causes no loss; but to the mind capable of spreading itself through times past and to come, existence becomes very dear, and its interest in its own being increases with its progress in power and virtue. The very idea that such marvellous forces as reason, conscience, and free-will should be extinguished, that such God-like powers should be annihilated by their author, that His image, grow-

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Chef.

CHEF (Swiss), experienced; age 32; £2 weekly.
—416, Lancaster-street, S.W.

Menservants.

MAN-SERVANT; age 21; German; now disengaged.—224—Tivoli-hill, 44, Rathbone-place, W.C.

WAITER or Waitress; age 25; £20—245; highly recommended.—German.—O 82, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HALL PORTER, age 31; 14s. weekly; good references.—O 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

INDOOR Servant, good; age 23; £22; nine months' reference.—O 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

INDOOR SERVANT or Valet; quiet situation preferred; English; single; excellent and long-established job of references known.—Tristam-J. S., 52, Westbourne-road, Eton-square, S.W.

PORTER; good; age 21; £28; short references through illness.—O 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Cooks.

ADY Cook now at liberty; aged 29; £50—400, Kitchen, scullery and Scullery maid required.—O 75, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK, first-class, accustomed to mess catering; age 40; £50; total £100; superior woman; now disengaged.—301, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK experienced, hotel or boarding-house.—£35—40; quick—38, Tottenham-court-road, W.C.

COOK (plain); disengaged December 5; £20; good references.—O 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good); disengaged; age 36; £30—35, Wincombe, 2, Augustus-road, Hammersmith.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; age 39; £55; disengaged.—Hot., 2, Rothschild Villas, Acton-green, Chiswick.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

HOUSEKEEPER-COOK requires post in business house where son can live; £20—O 97, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSEKEEPER or Maid Housekeeper; age 36; £35—40—B., 6, Jner-street, Battersea-park.

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID, age 25; £18—£20. Hotel references; will take private.—O 76, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSEMAIDS (two), disengaged now; good references.—C., 6, Glen Park-road, Forest Gate.

Chambermaids.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID, experienced; age 30; £18; disengaged.—O 79, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID, age 24; £16—£18; disengaged now.—O 80, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID, age 26; £18; good references.—O 81, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Parlourmaid.

PARLOURMAID, thoroughly experienced; £30—35; year's reference.—O 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Lady's Maids.

LADY'S MAID, age 37; £35; good dress-making and hairdressing; good references.—O 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY recommends maid; Italian; speaks French; good dressmaker.—Paloni, 36, Queenborough-terrace.

General Servants.

FRENCH LADY desires Useful Help; place; £22—£30; English.—O 75, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL Help, disengaged; age 43; £30; good housekeeper.—282, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Nurses.

SUPERIOR Children's Nurse; take from the month, age 22; £25; good references.—302, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MATERNITY Nurse (certified Queen Charlotte's Hosptal) now disengaged. Highest references; six guineas, monthly.—North Edw. 7, Northgate-south.

NURSE-ATTENDANT (District preferred) or Housekeeper terms by arrangement.—O 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Governesses.

GOVERNESS or Companion, age 47; £60; three years' reference; any post of trust.—"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Governess to young children; kindergarten; age 37; £30—35.—"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Governess wanted; young, willing; £22—£25; good references.—O 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Governess, experienced, for hotel; £30—35; good references.—503, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Hotels and Boarding Houses.

MANAGERESS for boarding-house; age 37; £30; disengaged.—520, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MANAGERESS, good experience, for hotel; £30—35; good references.—519, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Waitresses.

WAITRESS for tea-room, thoroughly experienced.—£22—new references.—206, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-WAITRESS; 11 years' reference; age 30; £20; disengaged.—503, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Companions.

EXPERIENCED lady requires post as Companion; young lady; Parisian French; New Bond-street.

GENTLEWOMAN (young), excellent manager; offers morning services return for £75—348, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MAID to young lady, or Under Lady's Maid; needs no knowledge of dreamtaking; £18.—A. King, 18, Turton-road, Wembley, N.W.

READ OUR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS ON THIS PAGE & THE NEXT.

Advertisements of
DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS,
EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
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SITUATIONS WANTED.
(Continued.)

Kitchenmaid.

KITCHENMAID, first-class; age 32; £40—K 100, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Miscellaneous.

A COMPANION and coach to pupils wishing to go abroad; £150—160.—Symondsbury-Tindal, 16, Old Burlington-street, W.

GENTLEMAN leaving for Argentina, 20th January; to undertake private commission; investigations, etc.; second visit.—Box 6, Blake's Newsagency, Patney.

GENERAL CLERK, middle-aged, good address, competent, reliable; seeks situation; good, £10—12.—London, 10, Symondsbury-Tindal, 16, Old Burlington-street, W.

LADY SECRETARY.—The General Employment Agency, Bent-lea, Canterbury, ParLOURMAID, reliable Cooks, Kitchenmaids, Groom, Men-Servants for all parts; correspondence for only until suited; established 15 years.—3120

WILL kind employer, in London, give light work; £12—14; good references; appearance and manner; has recovered from short mental illness induced by over-study for teaching.—Write, care of Miss Wells, Church House, Finsbury-gardens, Westminster.

WANTED, by elderly couple, an caretaker, place of true habitation; caretaker; good references.—E. 12, Basing road, Peckham.

WOMAN wanting char or office cleaning.—E. T., 1, Cross-road, Wimbledon.

USEFUL Maid, one lady; drawing room servants kept.—273, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL Maid, one lady; drawing room servants kept.—273, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DAILY-MAID (good) wanted for Red Lion-square (flat).—White H., 16, Adair House, Oakley-street, Chelsea.

GERMAN or Swiss General, £18—20, required to go abroad; £100—120; travelling exp. paid.—271, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

RESPECTABLE Person wanted; plain cook; good needlework; £12—14.—London, 10, Symondsbury-Tindal, 16, Old Burlington-street, W.

SUPERIOR General, Swiss preferred; three in family; £16 to £20; for country.—264, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL Help, or General preferred; two in family; £16—26.—"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL Servant required at once; one lady; £15—20.—"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WANTED, Useful Help; plain cooking; servant kept.—643, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG General, 17 or 18 years; £10; no cooking required.—261, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG General for three in family; £10.—E. 12—268, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG LADY as mother's help; domestic; £10—12; good refs. Apply by letter only. Mrs. Trewick, 28, Barrington-road, Crouch-end, N.

COOK (good, plain) wanted, for canary; £10—12.—Mrs. S. C. S., 10, Glenfield, Crouch-end, N.

COOK (good, plain) wanted, for basement; £10—12.—P. Household, Plat's-lane, Hampstead.

COOK (good, plain) wanted, single-handed; £10—12.—Mrs. Chamberlain, Hill Barnstaple, 37 Parkstone, near Bournemouth.

COOK (good, plain) wanted, single-handed; £10—12.—Mrs. Chamberlain, Hill Barnstaple, 37 Parkstone, near Bournemouth.

COOK (good, plain) immediately for Peterborough.—Peterborough.

COOK (good) wanted; £10—12.—"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK (good) wanted for country; £20—P. Hollywood, Old Southgate.

COOK, £20; house-parlourmaid; £16; for country.—Williams, Windermere, Canon's Park, Edgware.

COOK-GENERAL and young housemaid; £16—18; two children.—Apply, 24, Mount Ararat-road, Richmond.

COOK-GENERAL and Nurse-Housemaid; £18—19; two children.—Apply, 18, Britton Lodge, Edgware-square, W.

COOK-GENERAL, good; wanted; £10—12.—"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-GENERAL; good; £10—12.—"Daily Mirror," 4

